

PLUCK AND LUCK

COMPLETE STORIES OF ADVENTURE.

HARRY E. WOLFF, PUBLISHER, 166 WEST 23D STREET, NEW YORK.

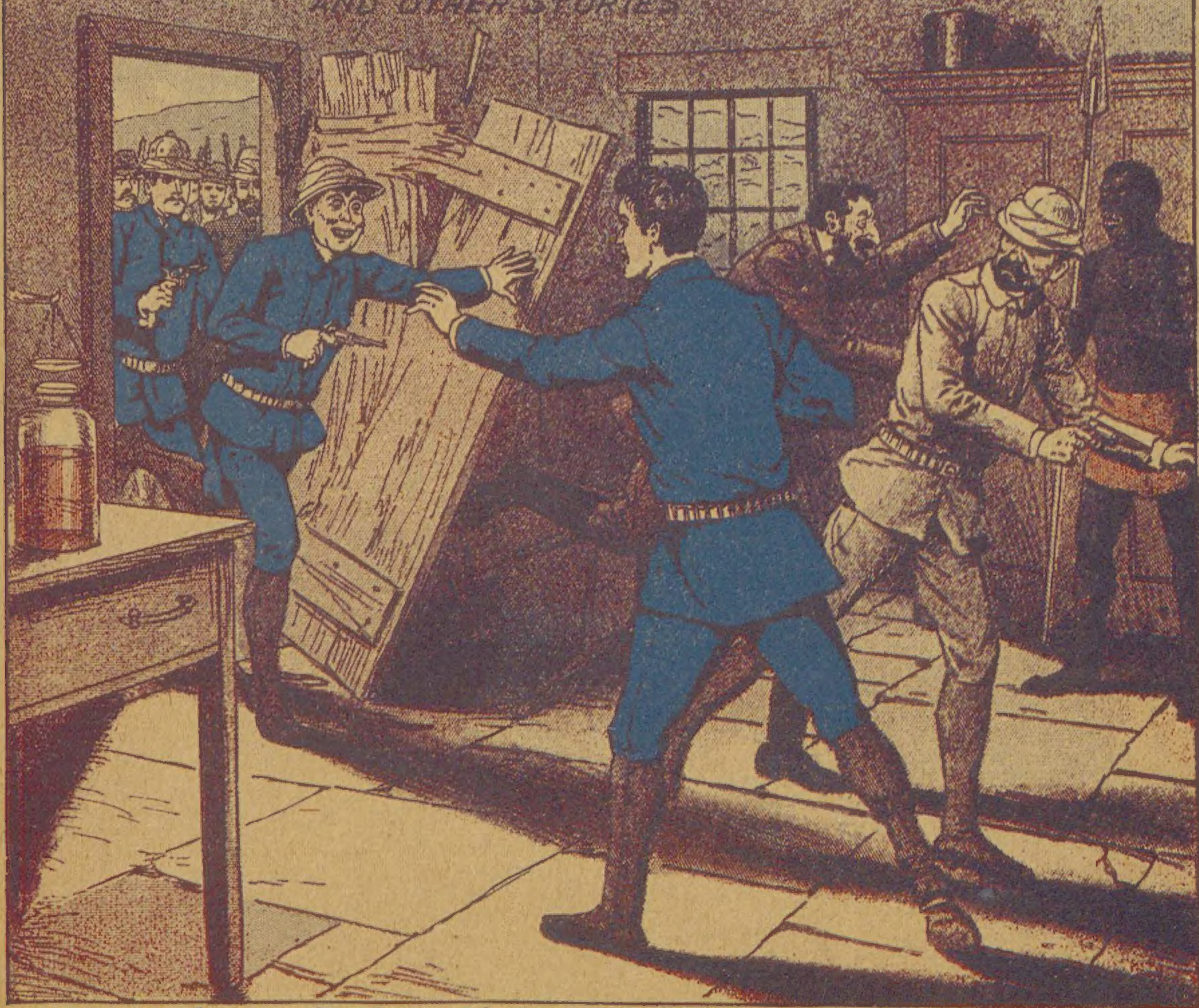
No. 1174

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 1, 1920.

Price 7 Cents.

THE YOUNG DIAMOND HUNTERS; OR, TWO RUNAWAY BOYS IN TREASURE LAND.

(A STORY OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN MINES.) By ALLAN ARNOLD.
AND OTHER STORIES



As the door flew open, Frank sprang backward, and Pat Murphy and Woolwell darted into the passage. Ashurns, Old Isaacs, and the Congo fled along the hall, gained a rear window, and leaped through it. But they were not to escape thus.

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Sued Weekly—Subscription price, \$3.50 per year; Canada, \$4.00; Foreign, \$4.50. Harry E. Wolff, Publisher, 160 West 23d Street, New York, N. Y. Entered as Second-Class Matter, February 10, 1913, at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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The Young Diamond Hunters

Or, TWO RUNAWAY BOYS IN TREASURE LAND

By ALLAN ARNOLD

CHAPTER I.—The Trader's Son.

"Young man, you do not know what you are talking about."

"Mr. Billman, I simply ask that you allow me to be the master of my own time."

"Your own time, to do with it as you please?"

"Yes, sir; my request ought not to surprise you; I am eighteen years old, and I have a great desire to make my own way in the world, and acquire a fortune, for you have just informed me that I am penniless, and that my father's farm—our old homestead, which I promised my dying mother should never pass out of the possession of our family—is mortgaged to its full value. I wish to try to pay off that mortgage and redeem the farm."

The speaker was Frank Harrison, a bright, well-grown boy, whose pleasing face was just now animated with an expression of excitement and resolution. Frank addressed his guardian, Mr. Ralph Billman, a dark, saturnine-looking man past the meridian of life, who was regarding the lad with a keen, penetrating glance from underneath bushy eyebrows and a beetling brow which did not augment his naturally severe, and rather repellent, visage in attractiveness.

The interview was taking place in the residence of Mr. Billman at Cape Town, South Africa. The apartment was a sort of library and office, in which Frank's guardian was wont to receive business guests, and in which he passed the greater portion of his time when at home.

Some months previous to the opening of our narrative Frank Harrison's father, who was a South African trader dealing with the natives of the interior, and who made long journeys among the tribes of the Vaal, and sometimes penetrated beyond the Limpopo river and the desert of Kalahari, was said to have died in the wilds north of the Transvaal while with his caravan, accompanied only by a guard of Caffres and one white comrade named Nicholas Pasaquez, a Spaniard who had long been in his service. The caravan of the adventurous trader returned to Cape Town without its master, laden with a goodly quantity of ostrich feathers, Angora hair, ivory, and copper. Nicholas Pasaquez brought Frank the news of his father's death.

The Spaniard told the grief-stricken lad that his beloved parent had died suddenly of the tent-times very quickly fatal South African fever while on the march with his caravan in the Zougo

Valley, and that the remains of the unfortunate man had been interred where he died. The death of his father left Frank utterly alone in Africa as regarded relatives, for he was an only child, and his mother was long since dead. The boy was an American, and he was born in New York City, from whence his parents had emigrated when he was six years of age, leaving all their kindred behind them. Frank was attending school in Cape Town, and boarding at the house of Mr. Billman—a friend of his father's—at the time the sad news of his father's demise reached him.

Just beyond the town was an extensive farm, which Mr. Harrison had purchased soon after his arrival in the country, and which he had occupied until the death of his wife, when he had removed to town, in order to give Frank a home among the cultivated citizens of the Cape during his absence on his trading journeys. Meanwhile, the farm, which was celebrated throughout the country for its beauty and fertility, was left in charge of Mr. Billman, in whom Frank's father reposed complete confidence. The beautiful South African farm which had been her home for a dozen years had become very dear to Frank's mother, and she wished that it should be the home of her son in future years. Hence the promise which she had obtained, not only from Frank, but from her husband, that the homestead should never pass into the ownership of other than themselves. But a day or two had elapsed after the return of Nicholas Pasaquez and the caravan belonging to Frank's deceased father, when Mr. Billman produced a will signed by Mr. Harrison, in which he made Billman his executor, and the sole guardian of his son Frank.

It seemed to the lad but natural that his father should have selected his old friend for his guardian, and he was pleased to know that he had done so. Mr. Billman at once set about settling up the affairs of the dead trader, and Frank took it for granted, since he had always supposed his father to have been financially successful, that he would inherit a handsome patrimony. The very day succeeding his return to Cape Town with the caravan of the trader, Nicholas Pasaquez produced a document, duly signed by Frank's father, which conveyed the entire outfit and cargo of the caravan to the Spaniard. The paper which assigned this valuable property to Pasaquez was merely a bill of sale, drawn in regular form, and setting forth explicitly that Mr. Harrison gave the caravan and cargo to the Spaniard in payment of a debt for services rendered,

and in settlement of all claims for wages on Pasaquez's part to date. When Frank heard of this he was not a little surprised, for he had understood that the Spaniard had always received his salary promptly each month. Intuitively, the lad was, from the time when his father had hired the Spaniard, who came to him as a penniless adventurer, rather inclined to dislike him. Now Frank recollected that Pasaquez had also inspired his deceased mother with distrust, and that she had on several occasions advised her husband to dispense with his services. If Frank was surprised at Nicholas Pasaquez's assumption of the ownership of his father's caravan, he was utterly amazed and confounded when, on the day of which we are writing, Mr. Billman called him into his library and coolly stated that he found, on examining his father's accounts, that he died insolvent without a dollar rightfully his, and that he, Mr. Billman, held a mortgage for money advanced to its owner on the beautiful Harrison farm, which was so dear to Frank's heart, and which was so intimately associated with the memory of his parents and the happiest days of his youth.

For some moments after the reception of the news that he was penniless, which fell upon him like an avalanche, Frank was unable to say a word. He stood before his guardian white and speechless, and Billman's small, snaky eyes shifted about in their glances uneasily as the lad regarded him with a fixed, dazed look, as though he scarcely comprehended all that his startling announcement meant. But Frank regained the power of speech, and he said excitedly that he could scarcely believe that his father's estate was hopelessly involved. Then ensued the conversation which opened the chapter.

"You pay off the mortgage on the Harrison farm! I must repeat that you do not comprehend what you are talking of. As for giving you your time, and allowing you to set off on a wild-goose chase in pursuit of fortune, I fancy I know my duty better than to allow you to do anything of the kind, so let me hear no more about it," continued Billman.

Frank was about to make a reply when the door opened, and Nicholas Pasaquez, the Spaniard, appeared on the threshold. As the sight of Frank the swarthy adventurer drew back, and he seemed about to go away without entering the apartment, but Billman restrained him by saying:

"Come in, friend Nicholas. You are just the man I want to see, and your coming now is opportune."

Frank turned to the door, saying:

"I will talk with you further after Mr. Pasaquez's departure, if you will allow me, Mr. Billman."

"Stay!" replied the other authoritatively. "You may as well fully understand the situation and what I have planned for you now."

Frank paused and turned to Mr. Billman with an anxious look.

"Of course I cannot be burdened with the expense of your keep, and, as I've said, my duty will not permit me to cast you adrift to look out for yourself, so I have hired you out to Pasaquez here for three years—that is to say, until you are twenty-one years of age."

Frank turned white and then red.

"You cannot mean that I am to serve that man in a menial capacity!" the boy exclaimed, as soon as he could find voice.

"He is your master. It is for him to say what you shall do. I see you are not inclined to favor my plan for your future welfare, but it is useless for you to protest, my mind is made up. Now go; I wish to be alone with your father's trusted comrade and employee. What more natural or just than that I should intrust you to him?" said Billman.

Frank felt as if he had been dealt a cruel blow, and he walked out of the room in silence.

CHAPTER II.—Frank Deals a Blow.

At a short distance in the rear of Mr. Billman's residence was an open plot where the caravan of the African trader had encamped immediately upon its return from the interior. The outfit was eminently suited for the purpose it was required to serve. There were a dozen wagons drawn by oxen when on the march; several horses, seasoned or acclimated to the African interior by having had the "Veld malady," the horse fever of the Transvaal, some twenty Caffres, the servants of the trader, who drove the ox teams and made themselves useful in various ways, as might be required.

The Caffres belonging to the caravan lately the property of Frank's father, but now claimed by Nicholas Pasaquez, had no tents for shelter, nor did they desire them. At night, if the weather was fair, they slept under the wagons, and should it storm they sought the interior of the vehicles, all of which were covered with canvas and resembled the emigrant wagons yet in use in the far West. Many of the blacks had been in the service of Frank Harrison's father for several seasons, for, as he was a kind master and just in all his dealings, once a Caffre entered his employ he always remained with him as long as he could. Naturally Frank was known to many of the blacks, and he knew the names of several of them. On more than one occasion, indeed, the lad had conversed with one of the natives who, on account of his fidelity and intelligence, had been quite a favorite of his late master. The name of this Caffre was Bodki, and he was a young fellow in his twenties, stoutly built, and taller than the majority of his race, who are slight and of stunted growth. Bodki was devotedly attached to his late master, and Frank knew that his father had saved the honest fellow's life when a lion was about to leap upon him in the wilds of the Vaal. Upon leaving the library Frank went out of the house. It seemed to him that the air within stifled him, and he wished to be alone with his troubled thoughts. His was a sorrowful awakening from the illusion of supposed wealth, yet he could not determine upon a quiet acceptance of the situation.

"Is it true? Can it be that father really died penniless?"

Frank was half inclined to doubt, and the question repeated itself in his mind as, entirely heedless of the course he was pursuing, he walked toward the camp of the caravan. The lad was

distraught; thoughts of the calamity which had befallen and yet threatened him alone occupied his mind, but all at once he had wandered by hearing the piteous cries of some one in distress. The voice emanated from the caravan camp, and its peculiar shrill intonations informed the lad that the cries were uttered by a Caffre. Quickening his pace, and impelled to succor any one in need of help, the kind-hearted youth entered the camp, and he at once beheld evidence of brutal cruelty that awakened his honest indignation.

Bound to a wagon wheel, head down, his bare back covered with bleeding welts from an ox-goad, hung a Caffre, whom Frank recognized at the first sight as Bodki, his father's favorite servant. Other Caffres were crouching about under the wagon, but none of them offered to release the poor black from his position of torture or render him any assistance, although he begged them to do so. The reason Bodki's comrades did not interpose to save him, as the sympathy plainly expressed by their dark faces told they desired to do, was plain. A huge Congo negro—a veritable black giant—gaudily dressed and wearing great copper rings in his ears and nose, stood guard over Bodki. In his hands the Congo held a carbine, with which he menaced Bodki's comrades and held them back. The gigantic negro was a stranger to Frank, and he wondered at his presence there. But Frank did not hesitate as to what he would do. He strode toward Bodki, opening his pocket knife as he advanced, and said to the poor tortured black, who uttered a cry of joy as he saw and recognized his late master's son:

"I will set you free, Bodki! Who dared to treat you in this shameful way?"

"Nick Pasaquez and his black comrade with the gun," answered Bodki faintly.

"Hold, dar!" exclaimed the huge Congo, stepping before Frank and presenting his gun at him threateningly. "Mars Pasaquez say keep him dar on wheel till him come back. You no touch dat man."

"Stand aside! I shall release the poor fellow without waiting for the Spaniard's consent," replied Frank, and he advanced.

The Congo hesitated for a moment, and then, suddenly dropping his gun, he seized Frank. The lad was as a mere child in the giant's grasp, and though he struggled manfully, he was unable to get free. The huge African had grasped Frank by both arms and pinioned them to the lad's side. Thus holding him, the black brought his coarse, savage face close to Frank's and hissed:

"Me hol' you till Mars Nick come. Maybe he serve you same like brack man on wheel."

"Help!" cried Frank, but the thoroughly intimidated Caffres did not respond. Not one of them could muster up courage enough to confront the boy's assailant. The poor wretches, as a rule, are devoid of courage. But a white man who was passing the encampment heard Frank's cry, and he at once turned aside and strode toward the lad. The stranger—such he was to all present—was tall and powerfully built. Exposure to the burning sun of the tropical lands had browned his skin until he might at the first glance have been taken for a native. He was armed to the teeth, and looked like one amply able to take care of himself anywhere.

Neither Frank nor the Congo were aware of the stranger's approach until he seized the giant black by the shoulder, gave him a terrific jerk backward, and hurled him headfirst under the wagon to which poor Bodki was lashed.

"Lay there, ye confounded big nigger, an' don't you dare to put yer hands on yer betters that way again," said the powerful stranger coolly to the Congo, and he added, as Frank sprang forward with a joyful cry and severed the bonds of the tortured man on the wheel:

"Youngster, I guess I dropped in jist in time. I've a faculty of droppin' in that way. It runs in my family. I began droppin' in early in life. In fact, I dropped into the world jist in time to save my father's fortune from goin' to a distant relative for want of a direct heir, an' I've been droppin' in jist in time ever since. My name is Bija Woolwell, from old Vermont. I'm among the green mountains when I'm to hum, but fer the past ten years I've been huntin' elephants an' explorin' in this ere nigger country."

"I am very glad you 'dropped in' now. You are a countryman of mine. I was born in New York—my name is Frank Harrison. My father, now dead, was an African trader, and I've lived here the greater part of my life," replied Frank genially, as he shook hands with the eccentric hunter.

"Look out, dar!" shouted Bodki at that moment. The Caffre had regained his feet after being released by the white lad.

Bodki's warning was to inform the hunter that the Congo, upon whom he had contemptuously turned his back, had regained his feet, and was about to attack him. As the cry of warning escaped Bodki, Frank, who at the same instant observed the movement of the black giant, snatched up very suddenly the carbine which the black had dropped, and leveled it at him, crying:

"Be off with you, you black rascal!"

The Congo recoiled, and then slunk away, muttering threats against Frank and the American hunter.

"Why were you thus ill treated, Bodki?" asked Frank.

"Because I talk something Mars Nick no like when I drink bottle rum. Hi! Dar come Mars Nick. Bodki go run. Nebber come back to Mars Nick. Maybe tell Mars Frank somet'ing some time!" replied Bodki, and he ran away as fast as his legs could carry him.

Frank turned and saw Nicholas Pasaquez and the Congo whom the hunter had overthrown coming up.

"What do you mean? Diablo! you have dared to interfere with my affairs. I'll teach you I am your master now!" cried the Spaniard, raising a heavy rattan cane which he carried, and advanced at Frank. The boy dodged a blow which the irate fellow aimed at him, and then, before it could again descend, he cleverly caught the whip and jerked it out of the Spaniard's grasp.

"Furies! Hold him, Togar! Hold the brat!"

"Togar, I think you better git," said the American hunter quietly, as he turned the muzzle of a Derringer, which he had taken from his belt, upon the black giant.

"Take a walk! Quick, you scoundrel!" he added, and Togar reluctantly turned away. But Nicholas Pasaquez, who had worked himself up into a

furious rage, rushed at Frank, heedless of the fact that the lad still held the Congo's carbine in one hand. It was a deed of self-defense and Frank was to be praised for it. Quick as thought he swung the carbine through the air and brought it down upon the Spaniard's head. Pasaquez reeled and fell, but he was upon his feet again in an instant. His face was absolutely livid with rage, and as he sprang up he uttered furiously:

"I shall never forget or forgive that blow. Remember, I am your master. Wait until I have you with the caravan in the wilds of the north—only wait until then! I can bide my time, but the day will come when you will regret that blow."

"That's a good idee. When you git hold of a job you don't like to tackle put it off," said Bija Woolwell approvingly.

But the Spaniard strode away without heeding him.

"I'll never let that man become my master, and I'll never go with his caravan. Never! Never!" said Frank, between his set teeth.

CHAPTER III.—Bound for Treasure Land.

"Right, youngster! I don't know anything about that yeller critter more than I've seen, but his face gives him away. Steer clear of him. He's a land shark, or Bija Woolwell makes a mighty big mistake," said the elephant hunter.

"I am sure your estimate of the Spaniard is quite correct. My poor father must have been sadly deceived regarding his character. But, sir, you said you were going to the diamond mines. Tell me something about that wonderful treasure land. Fortunes are often suddenly made there, are they not?" Frank rejoined eagerly, for already a daring project for the future had permeated his mind.

"Yes, youngster, fortunes are often made in ther whisk of a lamb's tail in the diamond mines. Many a poor feller hez found himself e'enmost a millionaire jest by pickin' up a stun that any one would fling away up in old Vermont. Look here! This dull-looking flint stun are a diamond in its rough state. A partner o' mine brought it from the diggings," answered the hunter, producing a pebble.

Frank examined it with wonder and curiosity. The diamond mines had only recently been discovered in Africa, and the lad had never seen a diamond in the rough before.

"The diamond mines are way up in ther country between the Orange river an' the desert o' Kalkari. It's a mighty barren, stun-kivered country, and ther way to it is 'chuck-full o' dangers and diffikilties," continued Woolwell.

"But you are going there. Oh, sir, let me go with you. I want to escape from enemies, and to seek my fortune in treasure land. Listen to my story, and I am sure you will not refuse my request," said Frank impulsively.

Woolwell smiled, but he made a dubious gesture and shook his head doubtfully. But Frank went on and concisely related all that the reader knows concerning his affairs.

"Poor boy. It's hard lines that have fallen to you. Gee, gosh! yer pap was fooled slick as a whistle in Billman. He was a-playin' 'possum

from the fust. I'll bet a white elephant agin' a chaw of terbacker the skunk is settin' up a job to whittle ye out of yer property. I ain't jist clear as to how I ought ter advise ye, but if you are bound to run away you can come along with me to ther diamond country if you kin git yer traps ready in two days. Then I'm off. I'm puttin' up at ther 'Cape Hotel,' and you must be on hand there in less un forty-eight hours, sure," said Woolwell.

"Thank you, thank you! I'll be on time!" cried Frank joyfully.

"Well, I must mosey. Take care of yerself, an' don't let that yeller critter or the big Congo get his claws on ye, youngster," replied Frank's new friend, and then he walked away.

Frank walked toward Mr. Billman's house, but he did not go far when it occurred to him that it would scarcely be safe to present himself there after what had just transpired, and he halted. As Frank came to a standstill a young girl about fifteen years of age, with a sweet, beautiful face and a most graceful and pleasing figure, emerged from the shelter of a flowering bush. The fair girl was Della Brewster, Mr. Billman's stepdaughter, whose mother had died several years previously. Between Della and Frank there existed a pure and sincere youthful affection.

"Oh, Frank, I know all about your trouble. Quite accidentally I overheard everything, for I was in the adjoining room with only a heavy curtain between me and the library when Mr. Billman called you there," said Della.

"Then you will not be surprised, Della, to know that I have decided to run away. Were it not for leaving you, I should go joyfully, but I mean to come back some day when I've made my fortune and called Mr. Billman to account for his stewardship. He shall furnish conclusive proof of his statement that my father died insolvent, or as soon as I have the power so to do I shall proceed against him legally."

"Yes, you must run away; there is no other course. I am grieved to think that we must part, but hopes of the future sustain me. Frank, I overheard what passed between Mr. Billman and Nicholas Pasaquez after you went out of the house."

"What did they say?" asked Frank eagerly.

"Mr. Billman said that he wanted you out of the way. Oh, Frank, it is terrible to accuse any one of such a thing, but I am sure that I was not mistaken in what I heard. Suffice it to say, it was agreed between my stepfather and Pasaquez that the latter was to make you accompany him on his next trip to the interior, and that you were never to come back again."

"The arch scoundrels! Ah, Billman fears I will discover the truth!" exclaimed Frank.

"Yes; that is why he desired to rid himself of you. But I have not told you all. My stepfather and the Spaniard have agreed that when the latter returns from his next trading expedition I am to be compelled to become Pasaquez's wife."

"That shall never be! Pasaquez will be absent several months, and before he returns I promise, if I am alive, I will return to save you," said Frank, in intense tones.

"I believe and trust you, Frank."

After some further conversation Frank and

his girlish sweetheart parted. The maiden returned to the house, and Frank proceeded to the house of a school friend in the suburbs of the town. There Frank remained all the next day, and just at nightfall he went to the Cape Hotel to see the American hunter. A great disappointment and surprise awaited Frank. When he arrived at the hotel he learned that the elephant hunter had started for the diamond mines that very day. But he had left a message for Frank. The letter, which the lad hastened to read, explained the American's sudden departure. The missive stated concisely that Woodwell's comrade who had given him the rough diamond was lying at the diggings. News had reached Woodwell by a Caffre courier, and he had set out at once, in the hope of reaching the mines before his friend expired. Further, the letter informed Frank that Woodwell had vainly tried to find him before he left the town.

Fortunately, Frank had several hundred dollars in a savings bank, where it had been deposited in his own name before his father's death, and of which Mr. Billman knew nothing. The following morning, as soon as the bank was open, Frank hastened to draw out his money, and then he resolved to purchase his supplies and start for the diamond mines at once. As Frank emerged on the street after drawing his money from the bank, he met a schoolboy friend who informed him that Mr. Billman and Nicholas Pasaquez were searching the town for him.

Frank knew that he could trust the youth who gave him this alarming information, and he told him all. The lad at once volunteered to make the purchases the runaway needed in the way of an outfit as a diamond hunter, while Frank remained in hiding. Frank gave his young friend money and a list of the things he wished him to purchase, and then our young adventurer returned to the house of his friend again. There he remained undisturbed until night. Then the friend whom he had commissioned to make his purchases arrived. He brought with him a wagon covered with stout cloth, which the rain could not penetrate, and drawn by four oxen. The vehicle contained a straw bed upon which the traveler could sleep, if he desired, and it was laden with such supplies as Frank thought he would need, such as clothing, blankets, cooking utensils, provisions, canned food, yoke-chains, and leather straps to repair the harness if needed. Frank's agent had not neglected to purchase firearms. He had selected a couple of Henry rifles which were sure shots, and a pair of revolvers with a supply of ammunition and a stout hunting knife.

The heavy stage coach line of the Veld which was at a later day established between the Cape and the diamond mines was not yet projected, and all Frank's purchases were absolutely necessary for his journey. It was a bright moonlight night, and after a tender parting with Della, who met him through the instrumentality of a mutual friend, Frank entered his ox-wagon and drove out of the town. But in the suburbs he overtook a lad about his own age, roughly clad and carrying a small bundle over his shoulder at the end of a stout stick. The strange youth turned an honest, good-natured Irish face up to Frank as he was driving by him, and said:

"Will you give me a lift in your wagon? I'm

on my way to the diamond mines, and you are going the same way."

Now Frank wanted company, and he liked the Irish boy's face, so he replied as he halted his ox team:

"Jump in and welcome."

The other hastened to accept this invitation, and as the two lads rode along they fell into conversation. The Irish boy presently said:

"I'm a stranger in Africa. The fact is, I'm a runaway. Me stepfather kicked me out of the house at home in the County Clare, so I left the ould country as a 'stowaway' on board an English ship bound for Cape Town. I made the voyage all right, but I was soon found, and I had to work my passage. Now I mane to find a fortune in diamonds and go back home, break me stepfather's head by the way of a little sport, and marry the Widdy McGee's daughter, the prettiest colleen in all Ireland."

Frank laughed. He was sure now his companion was a good fellow, and in return for his confidence he told the Irish boy, who presently said his name was Pat Murphy, all his troubles. Of course Pat sympathized with his new friend, and they resolved to "stick together," as Pat expressed it. The two runaway boy diamond hunters journeyed on without the occurrence of any adventure until they passed Hopetown, on the border of the Orange river, and began the weary and monotonous journey through the Veld. One evening they had reached a watercourse, which, though dry where the trail ran over it, showed indications of water further down the stream. The oxen were parched with thirst, and while Frank alone drove slowly along the irregular bank, Pat went on ahead to look for water. He had passed out of sight among the stunted bushes, when Frank heard a groan from the roadside, and a native dragged himself out of a thicket on his hands and knees. The poor fellow declared he was perishing of thirst, and that his leg was broken. In the most piteous terms he implored Frank to assist him into the wagon and not leave him there to die.

Filled with compassion, Frank sprang from the vehicle and was in the act of helping the black into the wagon, when the latter suddenly threw his arms about his neck with a strangling hold, while at the same time he uttered a shrill cry. Frank was hurled to the ground, and the succeeding moment a band of a dozen black and white desperadoes surrounded him. At this time the route to the diamond mines was infested with lawless bands of robbers, and Frank knew at once that he was in the power of such a party. But scarcely had he made this reflection when among his captors he discovered Togar, the huge Congo who was in the service of his enemy. Frank's heart sank, but he did not know the worst yet. While he was staring at the Congo, to make sure of his identity, the bushes of the thicket which had served for the ambush parted again, and Nicholas Pasaquez himself strode forth. The villain ordered Frank bound to the cart-wheel. Pat was nowhere in sight.

CHAPTER IV.—Mysterious Music in the Air.

The implacable Spaniard would undoubtedly remain vindictive and merciless to the end, and any

appeal would fall upon deaf ears that was addressed to him. Togar, the giant Congo, who was, as we shall see, Pasaquez's right-hand man and confidant, seized Frank and dragged him to the wheel of the ox wagon. Then, assisted by others, the lad was bound head down in the form of a "spread eagle," precisely in the position of torture from which the present victim had rescued Bodki. Seeing nothing of Pat, Frank permitted his anxious but well-nigh hopeless glances to wander over the barren Veld in every direction.

The boy compressed his lip and glanced at the circle of faces that surrounded him. All were strange—not one of the party save Nicholas Pasaquez and the Congo belonged to the caravan of Frank's deceased father, and he could not read an expression of sympathy in a single face.

"There is not one here who desires to lift a hand in my behalf. There is not one friendly face among them all," said Frank mentally, as he scanned the repulsive and evil face of the Spaniard's band. There was scarcely a breath of air stirring, but as Pasaquez strode toward the boy brandishing a heavy ox whip, all at once a strange musical sound reached Frank's hearing. The mysterious music was like the strain of a far-off choir reaching him through the weird, measureless gulfs of the upper air. Frank started, listened for a second with an intensity that was absolutely painful, and then a half-stifled exclamation escaped his lips while his eyes beamed with a sudden light, and a newly awakened hope dawned in his heart.

They knew that they were perpetrating an outrage which would evoke the most severe punishment decreed by South African law if discovered, and the excited imaginations of some of the party caused them to think the strange music resembled that of the bugle of the Cape Town soldiers who had more than once been sent in pursuit of the robbers of the Veld. With this impression strong upon him, a tall, fierce-looking fellow, evidently a Portuguese, said to Nicholas Pasaquez as the mysterious music ceased:

"Come, friend Nicholas; this business must be ended at once. I am apprehensive, and we do not want a brush with the soldiers. If that sound was not made by a bugle, I'm much out in my reckoning.

"I mean to beat the boy before I deliver him to you!" hissed Pasaquez.

"No—a bruised back always lessens the value of a slave in the marts of Zambo. Then, too, he will be more apt to take the jungle fever. I say no. He must be given to me now, or I won't take him. The Arab slave dealers who visit Central Africa are shrewd fellows, and they never purchase even a white slave if not in good condition," replied the African outlaw.

As he spoke he strode to Frank and began to untie him. Pasaquez bit his lips and reluctantly rejoined as he observed that the other was in real earnest:

"Very well. I can afford to spare the whip. My revenge will be complete, for he will be consigned to lifelong misery, beyond all hope of rescue."

"Yes. In the wilds of the Soudan he will no

doubt end his days as the slave of an Arab master."

As he thus replied, the Portuguese removed the last thong which secured the boy to the wheel, and he regained his feet.

"Now, then, boys, we will be off. Help yourselves to the contents of the wagon and come along. Ba and Koka, you will march the boy between you," continued the Portuguese.

The two men whose names he mentioned seized Frank and placed him between them, while the other members of the party hastened to plunder the wagon. Laden with the stolen goods the party turned aside to the eastward, and marched rapidly away, presently taking a straight northerly course. But before they withdrew with the boy prisoner the leader of the band and Nicholas Pasaquez exchanged a few remarks.

"No, Ashurus, our bargain has been carried out. I have your gold, and you have the boy. Remember, you have sworn to sell him into slavery, and keep this affair a profound secret," said the Spaniard.

"Right; I am not a fool. Since I have purchased the boy, who will bring ten times the sum I have paid you for him in the Central African slave marts, I shall not fail to sell him, and I'm not likely to make a bid for imprisonment for violating the law against dealing in slaves which has been promulgated by the infernal meddling English," replied Ashurus.

"No, I understand. Self-interest, if no other consideration, will cause you to be faithful and carry out our compact."

The Portuguese grinned cunningly, and he added:

"There's some big game in your mind, Nicholas, my shrewd schemer. Who wants to get rid of the boy? Why are you interested, and how much do you make? are questions the curious might ask, if in my place. But I'm not curious; oh, no, not the least. Well, good-by, and good luck to you, Nicholas. It's none of my business what you are up to. I am satisfied with my bargain, anyway."

"Good-by," said the Spaniard, rather coldly.

The two scoundrels shook hands and then separated.

As Frank was marched away, the Spaniard and the giant Togar hastened to the southward. The band Frank was with was a party of slave hunters and robbers, and Nicholas Pasaquez was at one time associated with the Portuguese. Frank had recognized the weird music he had heard as coming from Bodki, who possessed wonderful ventriloquial powers. Therefore Frank knew that Bodki had not deserted him. Our hero had been bound and thrust into a covered wagon. The robber band encamped for the night in a grove of trees. About midnight Frank heard a slight rustle beside the wagon. He crept to the back and looked out, and by the dim light of the moon saw Pat, who put his finger to his lips and stealthily crept into the wagon and severed Frank's bonds. Then they lowered themselves out of the wagon and crawled beyond the limits of the camp without molestation. After getting on their feet and proceeding a short distance they were joined by Bodki, who embraced Frank. It was then explained to Frank that Bodki had crept upon the

two sentinels of the camp and had despatched them, thus rendering their escape more safe.

The three now made their way back to the oxteam and wagon belonging to Frank, which the slave hunters had left where the capture had been made. Then they resumed their journey, traveling nearly all day. They went into camp towards night, with Bodki left on guard. Along towards morning Bodki woke them up, telling them that the Portuguese robbers were again on their track. Our friends left the wagon and sought flight, taking their weapons with them. They were seen and pursued. Suddenly Bodki stepped into a hole and sprained his ankle. He could go no farther. He begged them to leave him, and escape themselves. But they took him up between them and carried him to a clump of bushes, into which they hid him. While carrying him Bodki conveyed the startling news to Frank that his father was not dead, but alive. That the Spaniard had deserted him by Billman's orders. Pat and Frank now left Bodki and succeeded in eluding their pursuers, on account of the darkness, aided by the dense growth of trees. Suddenly they heard voices ahead of them. But the boys never stopped, trusting to luck with meeting other than enemies. Day was just breaking.

CHAPTER V.—At the Diamond Mines.

A moment or so later the two fugitive boys dashed through a thicket, which crossed a depression they were so rapidly traversing, and just a short distance ahead they saw an encampment. A number of covered wagons were drawn up on the veld. The oxen, out-spanned, were lying on the plain or trying to pick up a scanty cropping of the sun-dry grass, which forced its stunted blades through the sand here and there. The camp contained a score of men, and they had heard the shouts of the slave-hunters who were in pursuit of the runaway boys. As Frank and the Irish boy appeared, the men of the camp, who were on their guard to repel a possible attack by the party whose shouts they heard, shouted at them:

"Halt, there! Who are ye?"

"What's the row?"

Such were the cries which greeted the lads.

"We are honest travelers!" replied Frank.

"And we're pursued by blackguard robbers av the veld! Bad luck to them!" added Pat.

"Come on, lads. You're welcome here, and as for the men who are after you, we'll take care of them, eh, boys!" said a hearty, friendly voice.

The speaker was the leader of the party upon whose camp the young adventurers had so fortunately stumbled. He was a brawny Englishman, honest and true. His party was composed of honest fellows, like himself, though of an adventurous disposition, and they were now en route for the diamond mines.

The Portuguese and the leading members of his party appeared on the edge of the thicket as the runaway boys mingled with the men of the diamond mines train. At the sight of the formidable party whom the boys they were hunting had so fortunately stumbled upon, Ashurus halt-

ed, and an exclamation of disappointment and chagrin burst from his lips.

"Stop where you are!" thundered the leader of the diamond hunters' train, as the Portuguese and his comrades appeared beyond the cover. To enforce obedience to his command, the Englishman leveled his rifle at the slave hunters, and his companions followed his example. Ashurus saw at a glance that it would not be feasible to hazard a combat with the diamond seekers. He was well aware that his followers would make but a sorry showing in an open stand-up battle with foes amply able to defend themselves, even were numbers equal.

"Gentlemen," said Ashurus quietly, though he was inwardly consumed by rage, "you are laboring under a misapprehension. The boys I am after are runaways."

"I don't believe you. How is it, lads? You told me the truth about this man, I am sure. You are not runaways, are you?" replied the leader of the diamond mines train, turning to Frank and Pat.

The lads looked at each other in confusion, and both hesitated about replying. They were honest and always truthful, and yet, if they told the truth now, they saw they would confirm the statement of the Portuguese, and undoubtedly awaken distrust in the minds of their friends.

"It can't be that you have deceived me, lads?" said the big Englishman, with a slight intonation of doubt.

"No, be the powers, but the yellow blackguard tells the truth. We are runaways. We ran away from him, afther the thafe of the world had robbed us and taken Frank here prisoner!" cried the quick-witted Irish boy.

"That's the truth, sir," Frank hastened to say, in corroboration.

"I speak the truth," persisted Ashurus.

"Give them a volley, boys, if they do not take themselves off at once," retorted the Englishman, bringing his rifle to his shoulder in a threatening way again.

The craven-hearted followers of the Portuguese did not wait for their leader to order a retreat, but fell back at once. Deserted by his men, Ashurus could only follow their example, and he did so reluctantly, while he muttered threats at which the men of the diamond mine train laughed derisively as they regarded them merely as empty braggadocia. The diamond seekers followed the retreating slave hunters, until they were assured that they had really withdrawn permanently, and then they returned to their camp. Frank and Pat were questioned by the fortune hunters, and they related their histories truthfully. The sympathies of the party were, of course, enlisted, and they were promised protection on the way to the mines.

In company with the trainmen, the boys journeyed onward the following day. The Nienveveld range was crossed, and in due time, and without further adventure of moment, the mines beyond Kimberly, called "New Rush," were reached. The mining camp at the diamond diggings differed very little from those of the gold and silver lands in our own country. They made inquiries for Bija Woolwell, the American elephant hunter, and to their satisfaction they were assured that they were likely to find him at the

"Kapje" diggings. Frank and Pat were sure of receiving assistance from the brave downeaster, who had promised Frank his friendship.

They would have been well content now, but for the uncertainty attending the fate of Bodki; for when the men of the diamond mines train followed up the Portuguese slavers, although Frank informed them of the faithful Caffre's mishap, no trace of Bodki was found. Upon reaching the "Kapje" mines, the boys found before them an arched mountain near which was an immense valley of an elliptical form, representing three or four hundred claims, whose owners were assured the right to explore them at will.

There was a scene of industry and activity at the mines when the runaway boys arrived there. Carts were traversing the suspended tracks, while in the pits the men, representatives of all races, were at work filling large bags with earth, which were drawn to the surface by means of stout cables, emptied into carts, and dropped down into the mines again to be refilled. After wandering about among the claims for some time, Frank suddenly discovered Woolwell, the downeaster, at the bottom of a pit, and he uttered his name joyfully.

CHAPTER VI.—At Work in the Diamond Mines.

The Vermonter looked up as he heard Frank shout his name, and he saw the two runaway boy diamond hunters.

"Hello! Well, well! Didn't expect to see you here, my boy, but I'm tickled. I'll be up there in a minute!" he cried, and throwing down his pick, the huge elephant hunter ran up the pit-ladder, and shook hands with Frank warmly.

"I calkerlated maybe that yeller-faced greaser, Pasaquez, had caught ye and shut ye up somewhere, for I couldn't find hide or hair of ye when I left Cape Town so suddenly," Woolwell went on, without giving Frank an opportunity to speak.

"Well, if I am not now in the power of a treacherous emissary of the Spaniard it is not his fault," replied Frank.

"But let me introduce my comrade here. Mr. Woolwell, this lad is Pat Murphy, and I've found him to be a splendid fellow," he added.

"Well, I'm glad to know ye. Now come along to my quarters. You are as welcome as the flowers in May. I'm happy to say that my partner, who was supposed to be on his last legs, has recovered."

Thus speaking, Woolwell led the way to an adjacent cabin. At the door stood a jolly and very fat man in his shirt sleeves.

"Doctor, here are some friends of mine," called out the downeaster, as he and the two lads came up.

Then he introduced the boys in an offhand way. "You see, my lads, the doctor here is my pard. Dr. Dodge is his full name now, though his maiden name, before he ran through a medical school, was just simply Dick—plain, everyday Richard Dodge, of Bosting, Mass., by gosh!"

"I am very glad to see that you have recovered from your serious illness, doctor," said Frank, as the M. D. greeted the boys in a very pleasant and friendly way.

"Thanks. You see, the antifebrile decoctions

brewed by the exhaustive process sufficed to antidote the miasmatic effluvia and arrest retrograde metamorphosis. Hence my recovery," said the fat medical gentleman, in a thin, squeaky voice which sounded very funny coming from such a big man.

The boys laughed, and they understood that, while they were really the best of friends always, Woolwell and the doctor delighted in chaffing each other. Frank and Pat were ushered into the miners' cabin, and they were provided with refreshments. Then while the boys, with excellent appetites, did ample justice to everything set before them, they each related their adventures. When Frank came to tell about the startling story told by Bodki of his suspicion that possibly the lad's father was not really dead, Woolwell said:

"Corncobs an' pumpkins, boy! I really guess I smell a very full-sized mice! It may be that the yeller Spanish greaser and Mr. Billman, your guardian, are workin' out a deeper an' more desperate plot than any one would think."

"Yes, I have so suspected. My unfortunate father may be a prisoner far away in the heart of the dark continent."

"An' I tell ye the worst sort of slavery in the hull universe are to be found there. Yes, sirree, I know what I'm talkin' about, fer durin' the ten years I've stamped about in this ere nigger country I've traveled among savage tribes of the interior, where I guess no white man, not even a Yankee peddler, ever sot foot."

"You are the man to help me, then. I have but one object to live for now. I must find out the truth about my father, and if he lives rescue him."

"Well said. You are a clear grit an' all wool. If Bija Woolwell kin help ye, he will, fer I guess it's pretty clear yer pop is bein' done a great wrong, an' you already hev found out that the mean skunk meant to get rid of you, too."

"Your promise of assistance awakens hope in my heart. I believe we shall succeed, for right is on our side."

"Yas. But fustly we hev got to corral that Caffre Bodki. He is the big trump keerd we want to give us a pinter, fer it would be e'en-most like lookin' fer a needle in a haystack to go lookin' for one man in ther great unknown wilds of the nigger country without any starter ter guide us."

"I understand that, but we may never see the faithful Caffre again," replied Frank.

"In the bright spelling-book of youth—when I went to school—there was no such word as fail," said the doctor.

"And while you and Pat here help the doctor in the mine I will go on a scout after Bodki," said Woolwell.

The friends conversed for a long time, and it was arranged that Frank and Pat should do as Woolwell said.

While the party was arranging the plan for the campaign against the enemies of the young diamond hunters the hours went by and it seemed a very short time had elapsed when Woolwell looked at his watch and announced that it was time to turn in for the night. The following morning the boys were awakened by the cheery voice of the doctor, who chanted:

"Get up in the morning before the break of day,
Listen to the music, and hear what the jay-birds say."

After breakfast Woolwell shouldered his rifle, and having first said "good-by" to his comrades, he left the camp. Half an hour later Frank and Pat were hard at work, in company with the doctor, at the bottom of the shaft in the diamond mines. They suspected it not, but at the same time Ashurus, the Portuguese, was near, and a great peril threatened the brave boy whom the slave hunter had tracked to treasure land. But the hours went by, and darkness fell. Still the blow which threatened was withheld. The cunning Portuguese was biding his time.

The doctor at the close of the day's work entertained Pat and Frank with the excitements and the luck and ill luck the diamond miners met with. Frank learned also that a miner was leaving for Cape Town the next morning early. He found out where he could see him, and he sought him out and asked him to carry a letter for him to Della. The man consented, so Frank told him he would bring him the letter early the next morning, and left the miner to go back and prepare the letter.

CHAPTER VII.—Ashurus at the Mines.

The sun was just casting the first golden light down upon the African "Treasure Land" when Frank arose and quitted the cabin of his friend with the letter.

As he went on along the oftentimes rather intimidating suspended pathways between the diamond pits, two men were in conversation in another part of the mines, who were talking about the devoted boy in a way that would have undoubtedly occasioned him considerable alarm could he have overheard them. One of the conversationalists was Ashurus, the Portuguese slave-hunter; the other was Togar, the villainous Nicholas Pasaquez's huge Congo lieutenant. The Spaniard, after parting with Ashurus, upon reflection, seemed to have entertained some doubt of his good faith, and so he had sent Togar to join the Portuguese again and see that he kept his agreement. Ashurus and Togar had tracked Frank to the mines, and the former, in disguise, was present at the tavern where the arrangement had been made with the miner to carry Frank's letter. All this the slave-hunter had overheard, and when the lad and his friends left the tavern the Portuguese also went out.

Then he joined Togar at another inn. The two went off to the edge of the camp, where an old Jew lapidary or diamond-cutter dwelt in a strongly built plank cabin. The Portuguese and the Congo were warmly welcomed by the old Hebrew, who found profitable employment in cutting and testing the diamonds found by the miners. It was evident that the lapidary and the Portuguese were old friends and that they were of a similar character. Ashurus and Togar spent the night at the house of the Jew, and before Frank was up, the latter was sent by his master to the home-going miner with a letter directed to Della Brewster which Ashurus had prepared. The let-

ter contained nothing but blank paper, and it was only intended to deceive the miner. The Congo had received his instructions from his master, and when he arrived at his destination he handed the letter to the miner, saying:

"Master Frank Harrison sent dat letter."

The miner received the missive in all good faith. He was all ready to start for the Cape, and had, in fact, been awaiting the arrival of the letter for some time, and he was impatient to be off. So, as soon as he received the letter, he started on his journey. Togar having accomplished his purpose, hastened back to his master, grinning with delight, and made his report.

"Good! Now the boy will be sure to try to overtake the miner when he finds he has started. He will thus be decoyed beyond the camp, I hope," said Ashurus.

His motive in sending the letter was thus made clear, and without delay he and Togar left the Jew's cabin and followed the southern trail beyond the camp. They caught sight of the miner, who had been deceived, as he was disappearing in the distance, and they concealed themselves in a thicket. Further away the other members of the slave hunters' party were encamped. Of course, Ashurus' purpose was plain. He meant to pounce upon Frank, if, as he reasoned would be the case, the boy followed the miner.

A bright dream of the future was forming itself in the lad's thoughts as he arrived at the cabin which was his destination. He saw no one stirring there. The door was shut, and no sound of life was to be heard.

"After all, it seems my friend the miner is in no hurry to be off," said Frank, thinking the man must be asleep.

Frank approached and knocked upon the door. Having repeated his rap, and not receiving any response, he began to wonder at it. Then he noticed that the cabin door was secured upon the outside by means of a stout padlock. The lad's heart sank.

"He is gone! I have missed him, and my letter to Della cannot be sent!" he thought.

He turned, and saw several men at the door of an adjacent cabin.

"Perhaps he has not been gone long. I am a good runner, and I can overtake him yet, maybe," Frank thought.

Then he hastened to the men about the adjoining cabin, and asked them if they had seen their neighbor that morning. They replied in the affirmative, and assured Frank that he had started on his journey to the Cape but a few moments previously. Of course, taken by the home-going miner was pointed out to Frank, and he started in pursuit of him, precisely as the crafty Portuguese had thought he would be likely to do. Meantime Pat and the doctor busied themselves about the cabin which Frank had left. In the absence of other fuel, the dung of animals was used, and Pat soon had a fire kindled outside of the cabin.

Strong coffee was made, bacon was fried, and some potatoes raised at the Cape were broiled. The addition of brown bread and a flask of whisky and quinine, which every one in the diamond diggings partook of as a fever preventive, constituted the breakfast, which was soon in readiness.

"It's toime Frank was back. Sure, I am famished, an' me stomach is callin' for food in siven languages," said Pat, when breakfast was ready.

"Well, we will begin the meal with a dose of quinine mixture. No doubt Frank will be back presently," said the doctor.

But they had completed the meal, to which both did ample justice, and yet Frank did not return.

"Be the powers av Tara! I feel it in me bones that something has happened to Frank!" finally said Pat, in tones of alarm.

"Then follow me and we will look for the lad," replied the doctor, who shared Pat's uneasiness.

CHAPTER VIII.—The Jew "Fence" of the Mines.

Frank ran swiftly in pursuit of the miner who was bound for Cape Town. He soon traversed the mining camp of the diamond diggers, and entered upon the country beyond. Glancing ahead, the lad fancied he discerned a mounted man disappearing in the distance, where the monotonous sand-desert, clothed here and there with scrubby-stunted thickets, seemed to blend with the horizon. Quickening his pace, with the conviction that he had discovered the object of his pursuit, Frank very rapidly increased the distance between himself and the camp of his friends. At this early morning hour a soft smoky mist hung over the sandy plain, and objects were not very distinctly discernible, but Frank's eyes were keen, and he was sure that he presently saw two shadowy human forms who looked strange and grotesque through the hazy canopy that enveloped them.

The two persons whom Frank had discovered flitted across his pathway far ahead, and they were swallowed up in the mist before he could bestow a second glance upon them. Frank had advanced to a distance of a mile or more from the confines of the diamond mines when all at once he was startled by hearing a footstep close behind him. He turned quickly and found himself confronted by Togar, Ashurus' henchman. The black had sprung forth from his place of concealment in a thicket which Frank was now passing. Frank recoiled with a leap, and as he did so he tripped and fell.

The succeeding moment Ashurus, who had glided out of the thicket as Frank turned, and who had tripped the lad up by throwing out his foot, precipitated himself upon him, and caught him by the throat, stifling any outcry he might otherwise have made and also depriving him of breath. As Frank fell, he heard a voice from beyond the thicket which he at once recognized. He knew the speaker was Woolwell, the giant American hunter, and mingled with the voice he heard of his friend's voice came the utterance of another whom Frank knew. The second speaker was Bodki. Frank's heart leaped. He knew that the finding of his father's faithful servant meant that the first important step in the solution of the mystery of his father had succeeded.

If he could only utter a shout—only inform his friends of his presence—he knew they would hasten to his assistance, and he struggled madly to free his throat from the terrible pressure which rendered him dumb as the dead. But Ash-

urus and Togar had heard the voices of the lad's friends, and the Portuguese said in sibilant tones:

"He must not utter a sound, or all is lost."

Frank was frantic with despair. It was dreadful to think that friends were so near, and yet that he could not lift his voice to warn them of his presence. But he felt that his strength was deserting him, and presently he lost consciousness. Then, as he saw that the boy had been strangled into insensibility, the Portuguese released his hold upon his throat. He turned to Togar, and said exultantly:

"Now, then, for the camp of my followers!"

But scarcely had the words passed the slave-hunter's lips when the clatter of horses' hoofs were heard from the direction of the mines, and through the mist, which was beginning to fade away, the Portuguese and his black comrade saw a band of horsemen approaching. The riders came on at full speed, and as he saw them, Ashurus uttered a furious cry. He said:

"By all that's bad, the leaders of that party are the Irish lad who escaped us with young Harrison and one of the men he took up his quarters with at the mines!"

"Den da come for boy!"

"Come, lend a hand. We must conceal ourselves and the boy."

"Yes, mars."

The Portuguese and the Congo dragged the insensible lad into the bushes and crouched down beside him. They remained there while the party of horsemen, who were really in quest of Frank, dashed by. In a moment or so, when Frank's friends were at a safe distance, Ashurus bound and gagged the youth, and then said to Togar:

"Shoulder him and bring him along. We must remain in hiding with him at the house of my friend Isaacs, the lapidary, until night comes again. Then, under cover of the darkness, we will take our prisoner to our camp."

Togar lifted Frank's insensible form in his powerful arms and followed Ashurus with his burden as the latter swiftly led the way to the Jew's house, which they reached without having encountered any one. The old Hebrew's dwelling was in the suburbs of the camp, and isolated from other dwellings. Upon their arrival at the dwelling of the Jew, Frank's captors placed him in a small closet, which opened out of a narrow hall that separated the two main rooms of the cabin, one of which served as a workshop and the other as a sleeping-room for old Isaacs. The lad had regained consciousness on the way to the lapidary's house, and when he found himself a prisoner in the small room, the door of which had been secured upon him, he tried to compose his thoughts and devise some way to escape. Presently he heard the voices of Ashurus and the old Jew. Bound as he was, Frank managed to reach the door without making any sound, and, listening intently, he overheard the Jew say:

"Yes, I make monish by buying dose diamonds off of dose Caffres what work in de mines. Dose black fellers vas cunning and da steal more diamonds ash da gif to their masters."

"But it's a dangerous trade, Isaacs. You know a receiver is regarded as worse than a thief by the miners," said Ashurus.

"Dat is so, mine friend. But old Isaacs vas not ashleep. No, he vas vide awake. I pet dar vos

none of the diamonds found here, I hide dem so close."

At this point the conversation ceased, and Frank heard Ashurus go out. Then the lad placed his eye to the keyhole and peered into the room beyond. He saw the old Jew lock the door through which Ashurus had gone, and then go to the fireplace, muttering:

"I'll see if my diamonds are safe. I like to look at the sparkling boys—da make old Isaacs a rich man some day."

Frank saw the old Jew remove a sieve in the fireplace and take out a bag which seemed to be well filled with small objects.

"Ah! da diamonds are safe. No one will ever find them but Isaacs," continued the old rascal, and then he returned the bag to the hiding place in the wall.

The day passed and night came, and when darkness fell, the Portuguese appeared before Frank and announced that he was about to carry him away. Togar had visited the lad during the day and supplied him with food. The wretch was about to lead Frank out of the Jew's cabin, and Togar was close behind him, when all at once the old Jew appeared before them. His face was pale as death and it wore an expression of terror.

"Mine friends! Mine tear friends, save me! I vos ruined! De miners are coming! A Caffre hash betrayed me. Save me, mine friends! Save me!" cried the Jew.

"Save yourself, you old fool! Quick, Togar, we must get the boy out of the house, or we are lost!" cried Ashurus.

But with a sudden bound Frank freed himself from the Portuguese's hold and gained the outside door.

"Halt! Halt, or I shoot you down!" yelled Ashurus, as he whipped out a revolver and leveled it at Frank, who heard the sound of many excited voices from without.

CHAPTER IX.—The Return of Woolwell.

Meanwhile Pat Murphy and Mr. Dodge soon learned that Frank had gone in pursuit of the miner who had agreed to take his message to his girlish sweetheart.

"Sure, an' he has been waylaid beyant the town, I'm afther thinkin'. Be the powers of Tara, what if the robbers who captured him foreninst we come here have got him again?" said Pat, when he heard that Frank had followed the miner.

"There may be ground for fear that such calamity as you mention has befallen Frank. At all events, we will secure horses and go in pursuit of him," said the doctor.

A number of miners were grouped about listening to these remarks, and several of them volunteered to accompany our friends.

"You see, we are pretty well satisfied that some rascal is acting as receiver for our Caffre diggers whom we employ in the mine, for I know very well they are stealing our diamonds," said one, after the offer of his aid and offer to join in the search for Frank had been accepted.

"And it may be that the receiver who buys the stolen diamonds may be the leader of the robbers

who once captured the now missing boy whose story Woolwell told me," said another.

There were a number of horses in the camp, and in a few moments Pat and the doctor were mounted and accompanied by a dozen miners, rode out of the camp on the Cape Town trail. Since the boy's pursuers rode more swiftly than he had been able to proceed on foot, as we have seen, they had almost overtaken him, notwithstanding the start he had before he was ambushed by Ashurus and the Congo. The devoted lad's friends, after they passed the thicket in which Frank's enemy held him powerless to utter a sound, pressed onward.

Suddenly Pat cried: "I see some one ahead! It's not Frank I see, but a man. As—as sure as yez live, it's the miner who was to carry my friend's letter! Be the powers av Tara, it's no other!"

Pat dashed ahead as he spoke. The Irish boy was the first to overtake the miner, who halted as he beheld the mounted party approaching.

"Hello, Mr. Burke!" called out Pat, giving the miner his name. "Have you seen anything of Frank Harrison, the boy you met at the hotel last night, and whose letter you promised to carry to Cape Town? Sure, it's lost he is!"

"No, I've not seen the boy," replied the miner. "But I have his letter. A big negro, whom I never saw before, delivered it to me at my cabin, and he said Frank Harrison sent him with it."

"A big nigger, is it! Worra! Worra! Sure and the jewel, me pard Frank, is caught be the blackguards agin. But tell me what the nigger who brought the letter looked like."

"He was a huge fellow, a genuine Congo, I should say, and he wore copper rings in his nose and ears."

"Togar!" cried Pat.

"Let's see the letter he brought you," said the doctor to the miner.

Burke produced it, and Pat and the doctor looked at the directions.

"I thought so. Be me life that's not Frank's writing!" cried Pat, as he scanned the writing on the envelope.

Dr. Dodge tore open the envelope. Then that it contained nothing but blank paper as the reader has been told, was discovered by the missing boy's friends.

"Ah, the rascals knew about the intention Frank had to send a letter, and they meant that Burke should start without the poor boy's missive. They cunningly planned to decoy him beyond the camp, and no doubt he is now a prisoner," said the doctor, as the contents of the envelope were revealed.

"What can we do? We must try to find Frank. Sure, it's worse than death his fate will be if we don't rescue him," said Pat.

"We can only try to find his trail, and we may as well take the back track to search for that," replied the doctor.

A moment later the party wheeled about and went galloping back over the trail which they had just traversed. But they soon slackened their speed, and proceeded at a walk, while an experienced tracker of the veld who chanced to be in the party took the lead, and closely scanned the trail. But the place where the devoted boy had been captured by the Portuguese was passed and no trace of the lad was discovered.

When the mine was reached, the searching party heard shouts and excited cries from the direction of the "workings." That something unusual had occurred they were well convinced. But exactly what had taken place they could not imagine. They swiftly approached the scene of excitement, and soon saw a crowd leading a couple of Caffres who were employed in the mines toward the rude jail which had already been built in the camp, and the need of which had made itself felt since the first influx of fortune hunters appeared upon the scene.

"What's all the excitement about, and why are the Caffres under arrest?" asked Dr. Dodge of the escort about two blacks, who were trembling with fright.

"We caught these fellows with stolen diamonds concealed in their wool. They are old thieves, and have had plenty of money to spend of late. We mean to make them tell who buys the stolen diamonds from them, or hang them," replied the man addressed.

The miners passed on with their captives. Pat and the doctor proceeded dejectedly to their cabin. They were sad and disappointed. But what was their surprise when upon arriving at the cabin they beheld Woolwell and Bodki, the faithful Black, standing at the door. They recognized Frank when he was captured, and in close proximity to the doctor and his party who had passed them unseen in the fog, Woolwell and Bodki were as yet ignorant of the missing boy's peril.

Greetings were exchanged between the friends and Bodki capered about Pat, for whom he had conceived a great liking with every evidence of joy.

Explanations were made, Bodki saying that he must have been in the bushes when the search party looked for him and did not find him. But Woolwell had found him. In the meantime Woolwell had run away, saying he would find Frank and bring him back. How the parents could so easily have believed that was another thing. Frank never saw Woolwell again, and he never came back. He never came back because he had not found the boy.

In the midst of debating what to do, a miner rushed into the cabin stating the two Caffir thieves had confessed who the man was that was buying their diamonds that were stolen and that a party was departing to take him into custody. "We'll join the party," said Woolwell, and all but Bodki rushed from the cabin.

Frank then told the boys all that happened, and related what he saw the Jew do with the bag of diamonds. They were recovered. Frank then heard that Achurac had been lynched by the miners, that the giant Congo was waiting outside, and the Jew had been locked up.

The next morning Frank was presented with a diamond claim for his telling the miners where the bag of diamonds was located in the Jew's house. That evening, learning that another miner was about to start for Cape Town, Frank interviewed him as regarded carrying a letter to

Della, and the miner cordially consented. So Frank wrote a letter and gave it to him.

It was quite late when Frank returned to the cabin which he shared with Woolwell, Pat and the doctor. They found the two friends smoking contentedly and poring over a map of Africa, while Bodki sat near them. The doctor had a pencil in his hand, and the first words Frank heard him say as he came in told him that he was trying to trace out a route to the native town far away in the interior, where the Caffre declared his master had been left in the power of the savages. Frank was, of course, most deeply interested in all that pertained to his father, and he was soon very much gratified to hear the doctor say that he believed he and Woolwell had already explored the very country in the neighborhood of the native town which he supposed to be the prison of Mr. Harrison.

"Since Baker's expedition, the Arab slave dealers have grown bold again, and we must be prepared for a disappointment. The blacks may have sold their captive to the Arabs, who would be sure to hurry him away to the North. The Soudan is their trading country. The English have done a good work in seeking to suppress the slave trade, but they have seized the diamond country without any legal right," said the doctor.

"How so?" asked Frank. "I thought South Africa always belonged to the British?"

Before the doctor could answer a man suddenly appeared at the door of the cabin, and shouted in thrilling tones:

"To arms! The Zulus! The Zulus!"

The shout carried much the same feelings to the hearts of the diamond diggers that the terrible cry, "The Indians are upon us!" did to the hearts of the early settlers of our own land. They seized their arms and rushed out of the cabin at once.

CHAPTER X.—An Accident in the Mines.

The country beyond the diamond mines was the land of the wild savage and hostile Zulus. The Zulu war had ended, but the savages were not entirely conquered. Bands of desperate warriors were prowling on the confines of the settlements, and occasionally isolated villages were attacked. For some time rumors had been rife that there were prowling Zulus in the vicinity of New Rush and the mines. Scouts had been sent out by the miners to investigate the truth or falsehood of the alarming rumors, but no evidence of the proximity of the warlike natives was discovered.

The miners, therefore, felt more secure, and they had recently treated the reports brought in by wandering Caffres and Bushmen, that Zulus were in the neighborhood, as unworthy of belief. Now the alarm came as a surprise, and it was no false alarm.

Messengers were sent through the diamond camp in every direction to spread the news of the Zulus' coming, and to call the miners to arms. Frank and his friends hastened to the square in front of the main hotel, where they saw the miners were assembling. Woolwell was an old Zulu fighter, and the fact being generally known, the giant American was by a unanimous vote elected

to command the miners. Then he exhibited his nerve and qualifications for the office he had been selected for. Under Woolwell's direction the miners deployed about the edge of the camp. Rude breastworks, made of bushes, barrels, boxes, mine carts, and anything which would serve as a protection, were quickly made, and behind these the defenders of the camp were stationed. Woolwell hastened about everywhere, cheering and encouraging the miners.

The Zulus appeared on the sandy plains beyond the town before midnight. Silently the skulking band advanced, as though hoping to surprise the miners and murder them while they slept. Frank and Pat crouched down close together behind the improvised breastworks, and Woolwell and the doctor were not far off. The former had ordered that not a shot was to be fired until he gave the word. Under the light of the red African moon the Zulus came on. The savage warriors numbered several hundred, and as they spread out in fan-shape, as though to invest the camp, and attack it simultaneously from several different points, the silent army inspired a feeling of dread in the heart of more than one of the defenders of the camp.

The moonlight shone upon the naked oil-anointed bodies of the Zulus, and glinted from their spears. The fantastic garb of the chiefs, in the half light, endowed them with weird grotesqueness. One might have thought it was a phantom legion enacting a battle march, as they swept onward, the shifting sands still noiseless under their silent gliding tread. And the silence of the camp continued to rival the noiselessness of the Zulus' approach.

The miners were all armed with repeating rifles besides revolvers, and there was no danger that the first volley would leave them with empty weapons. Frank and Pat had never been in such a thrilling situation before. Their hearts beat fast and their cheeks flushed with excitement. The suspense of waiting for the threatened attack was becoming absolutely painful. But the climax came. The Zulus were so near that their hideous faces could be distinctly seen when Woolwell discharged his rifle, and at the same instant he shouted:

"Now, then, fellers, give 'em Hail Columbia!"

The crash of musketry sounded all along the fortifications. The volley discharged at such short range could scarcely have failed to prove effective, and it was, indeed, truly heard to the last. They were engaged at the very moment when they could do most harm. The bronze bullets fell back before the rain of bullets, and the Zulus were driven back. A second volley from the miners, and the attack of the Zulus was over. Frank and Pat were the first to run forward, and they found the Zulus lying dead. The miners were all armed with repeating rifles besides revolvers, and there was no danger that the first volley would leave them with empty weapons. Frank and Pat had never been in such a thrilling situation before. Their hearts beat fast and their cheeks flushed with excitement. The suspense of waiting for the threatened attack was becoming absolutely painful. But the climax came. The Zulus were so near that their hideous faces could be distinctly seen when Woolwell discharged his rifle, and at the same instant he shouted:

bush, and they would have a certain advantage in a fight on the plains. But when morning dawned and no trace of the Zulus was to be discovered save the forms of the warriors who had fallen, lying stark and rigid on the veld, Woolwell volunteered to make a solitary scout in order to ascertain if the Zulus had permanently withdrawn. Woolwell left the camp in the gray light of the morning, and he returned half an hour later with the welcome intelligence that the Zulus had gone from the neighborhood. It was presumed that, having failed in the intended surprise of the camp, the wild warriors had gone to seek some other settlement which a futile attack had not placed on its guard.

The miners—as a matter of precaution—established a patrol about the camp, whose duty it was to give the alarm in the event of danger, and then resumed work in the mines again. Woolwell and the doctor were placed in command of the patrol, and two Caffres were provided to work in their places with Frank and Pat in the former's new claim. The day was drawing to a close when as the doctor and Woolwell were at one of the outposts of the patrol, but quite near Frank's claim—which it will be remembered was at the edge of the diggings—they were startled by a strange detonation, followed by a rumbling sound that shook the earth.

"A landslide in the mines!" cried the doctor.

"And the sound came from Frank's claim!" exclaimed Woolwell. "Heaven grant our boys may not be ketched in it, fer it's death to them if they have," he added, as with blanched faces he and the doctor ran toward the young diamond hunter's claim.

CHAPTER XI.—Luck at Last.

There had been a sudden change of temperature during the last twenty-four hours. Such changes, experience had taught the diamond diggers, were likely to loosen the earth and produce a specie of cataclysm or landslide. Woolwell and his companions did not pause until they reached the brink of the pit, in which Frank, Pat and the two Caffres had set to work some hours previously. At once and with consternation scarcely to be described, the friends of the young diamond hunters saw what had taken place. A split had occurred vertically on the side of the pit, and tons of earth had been hurled down into the claim. Neither Frank nor Pat were to be seen, but the two Caffres, who had been sent to work with them during the absence of the Americans, were discovered.

The blacks were running about at one side of the pit wringing their hands and uttering cries of terror.

"Where are the white lads?" thundered Woolwell, as he ran forward. The two Caffres, who had been sent to work with them during the absence of the Americans, were discovered. The blacks were running about at one side of the pit wringing their hands and uttering cries of terror. "Where are the white lads?" thundered Woolwell, as he ran forward. The two Caffres, who had been sent to work with them during the absence of the Americans, were discovered. The blacks were running about at one side of the pit wringing their hands and uttering cries of terror.

"There is one chance in a hundred for the boys. Gosh all firelocks! Don't ye see the two Caffres that were calkerlated fer to find the place of the

pit hev fallen under the earth? It's just a mite possible that them 'ere braces may hold the earth up offen the lads, an' I'm a-prayin' my best pray it may be so!" cried Woolwell.

The sound of the landslide had already called a throng of miners to the pit. They understood what was required, and every man was eager to help the unfortunate boys who were entombed under the avalanche of the mines. A dozen extra cables were rigged under the direction of the clear-headed downeaster. Then in a few moments a score of miners were at work with shovels and pick-axes. Woolwell and the doctor were among the first to commence the attempt to exhume the young diamond hunters.

The boys' devoted friends worked with a will, and as they had never worked before. They were inspired by a sentiment more noble than the quest for diamonds. What they sought to save was more priceless than the rarest stone. The conduct of Woolwell and his friend inspired the other miners, and they sought to emulate them. The work progressed swiftly, as it could scarcely fail to have done under these conditions, and after some hours' labor Woolwell gave a shout of delight, and the succeeding moment he dragged the body of Frank Harrison out of the earth. Pat was also exhumed by the doctor scarcely a moment subsequently. The faces of the two boys were livid and distorted by asphyxia; their hearts had ceased to beat, and life appeared to be extinct.

"Too late! We hev dug 'em out too late! Poor lads—poor lads! they are stone dead!" groaned Woolwell, while tears of sorrow stood in his honest eyes.

"They are not dead!" announced the doctor, after examining the boys.

Woolwell uttered a cry of delight.

"I take it all back! You are a great doctor, old partner, an' I guess you know more about your biz than some hull families of M.'D.'s," he cried.

The boys were placed on a table used for sorting the earth in the search for diamonds, and they were subjected to powerful friction, while their lungs were inflated artificially, and all the remedies for asphyxia were employed. Soon an appreciable result was produced, and warmth began to return to the bodies of the lads. Then their hearts began to flutter, and finally they breathed again.

"They are saved!" cried the doctor.

"Saved!" echoed Woolwell, in delight, as he fell upon his knees beside the boys, while the miners took up his glad cry and echoed it again and again.

Some hours later they had been conveyed to their own cabin; the boys were pretty well recovered, but it was some days before they again resumed work in the mines. Their miraculous escape was due to the fact that the one chance upon which Woolwell said their lives depended had been granted them. The timbers that descended with the landslide had held the earth above them, though they were shut up in a narrow cave and soon became insensible for want of air. The experience was a terrible one, and while its terror would remain fresh in the memory of the young diamond hunters. They were very grateful for their preservation, and they did not fail to return thanks to the su-

preme ruler of their destinies who had made their friends the instruments of their salvation.

Some days later, when Frank and Pat were again at work in the mines, from which the fall of earth had been removed and which had been rendered more secure than previously by the addition of an unusual number of props, Frank, who was at work in the shadow of a huge rock, suddenly threw his comrades into a state of excitement by shouting:

"Luck at last! I have found a diamond!"

As he thus announced a stroke of good fortune which the miners had been somewhat impatiently waiting and hoping for, Frank held up a gray pebble of considerable size.

"No diamond about that! Geo gosh, it's too big! The Kohinoor ain't much bigger!" said Woolwell.

"It is a diamond, I'll stake my life on it, and one of the largest recently found here!" exclaimed the doctor, for whose verdict Frank had waited in suspense.

"If you say so, that settles it," said Woolwell, who knew the scientific geologist was a real expert in all that pertained to diamonds.

"Whap! It's millionaires we are! Hoorah for the Widdy McGee's daughter an' ould Ireland! Sure, it's Pat Murphy is that happy he could dance all day!" cried Pat, and he dashed into a jig in a way that made the sand fly from under his feet.

"This diamond is nothing like as large as the Kohinoor, which weighs 179 carats, or the great Regent or Dresden, or Great Mogul, neither is it as large as the royal diamond of the Russian Czar, but it's a fortune for you, Frank, and now there is no reason why we should not start in search for your father," said the doctor.

CHAPTER XII.—A Letter from the Lost.

"Well, we are all ready to start," said Woolwell, five days later.

"Yes; we have a good wagon and a dozen oxen to draw it, and four good saddle horses well acclimated. All that your experience has taught you to be needful for such a journey as we are about to start on has been purchased," assented Frank.

"Including arms, ammunition, and trinkets to bribe the natives with," said the doctor.

"Sure, thin, what are we afther delayin' for?" asked Pat.

"You remember we have not yet concluded the sale of my claim," replied Frank.

"Faith, an' that's a fact."

"To-day, however, the parties who have been negotiating for the purchase of the claim since I found the diamond, have agreed to close the bargain."

"And although we have found but a single diamond, and that a very large and beautiful stone, which according to my theory, indicates the absence of other gems, there are speculators who are not of my way of thinking, fortunately," said the doctor.

Every preparation for penetrating into the interior had been completed, as Frank stated, and he was anxious to start for the interior where he still hoped to find the parent whom

Paraquez had betrayed and deserted. That very evening the sale of the claim was consummated, and Frank received the purchase money. A diamond train was about to start for the Cape to transport a consignment of valuable gems, and the greater part of the purchase money received for the claim was sent to the Cape, there to be banked to Frank Harrison's credit. As to the great diamond found by the young treasure hunter, we must state that it was no longer Frank's property. He had sold it for a fair price to a broker, and, of course, some of the proceeds of that sale had been applied to the purchase of the outfit required for the contemplated interior journey. The balance of the price of the diamond was remitted to Cape Town.

The young diamond hunters and their two friends, with Bodki as a guide, though Woolwell believed he knew the country well enough, set out from the diggings at dawn on the day succeeding the sale of the claim. The miners all wished them "Godspeed," and they were escorted on their way by a large delegation of friends. These good miners attended the explorers but a short way, and then the journey began in real earnest. The country of the wild, warlike Zulus lay before them, and they took a nearly directly northern course through their first objective point.

The first part of their journey was naturally the easiest, the only accidents not serious. Perhaps a wheel became mired in a marsh, or some broken strap of the harness had to be repaired. The country was full of game, such as the roebuck, partridge and duck, so the travelers did not want for a supply of such food. For some distance they occasionally came upon the plantations of the Boers, who lived their lives out in solitude. The dwellings of the brave Dutch settlers were strongly constructed to enable their occupants to defend themselves if attacked by the Zulus during time of war. Hottentots and Caffres in large numbers are employed by the Boers, and they are perfectly independent of the rest of the world, raising everything needed to supply their simple wants.

Three days' journey from the diamond mines were made uneventfully, and the fourth day's march had just commenced when Bodki, who was in the lead, discerned a native approaching. He announced his discovery, and Woolwell inspected the solitary figure, which was yet afar off, through a field-glass. Naturally, our friends were apprehensive of trouble with the Zulus, and they were much relieved when after a long look the downeaster announced:

"Ther critter is a Caffre, and a miserable-looking feller he is, too. We'll let him come up and question him."

The travelers kept on and they soon met the solitary native. He was indeed a miserable-looking creature, and so emaciated that he did not need to tell the travelers that he was half starved. Bodki conversed with him after he had given him food which he devoured ravenously. While the strange Caffre was eating, the traveler regarded him with interest, and Frank all at once started and exclaimed:

"Look there; I know that chain. It belonged to my father!"

He had caught a glimpse of a small bit of gold watch chain to which a charm was attached

that had escaped from a place of concealment in the native's girdle. Bodki promptly snatched at the chain and drew it out of the Caffre's girdle before the latter knew it was discovered. To the chain was attached a handsome gold watch.

"My father's watch!" cried Frank, in great excitement, as he recognized the timepiece.

He took it from Bodki's hand and examined it with strange, thrilling emotions.

"By gosh! We must find out how the nigger came by that watch!" exclaimed Woolwell.

"See! See! - Here is a folded paper!" said Frank, opening the watch and taking out a small slip of paper which had been concealed between the outer and the inner cases. The scrap had been compressed into a very small space, and no doubt it had escaped discovery because the native knew nothing about the watch, which had ceased running. With trembling hands Frank opened the scrap of paper, and having spread it out, he saw that it was covered with writing, traced in red. The writing was in the handwriting of the lost trader, and recognizing it at once, Frank began to read it:

"If any Christian discovers this, let him see that it reaches my son, Frank Harrison, at the residence of Ralph Billman, in Cape Town, that he may know his father yet lives. I am a captive in the hands of a band of Arab slave-dealers, to whom I was sold by the native tribe, into whose power I was betrayed by the most treacherous and villainous rascal, Nicholas Pasaquez. I conceal this watch in the hope of giving it to a Caffre slave who has befriended me, and whom I think means to desert his Arab masters and return to the Transvaal, from whence he was kidnapped. My captors are going north.

"R. H. HARRISON

"June 10th, 18—.

"On the Zambesi River.

"Two days' journey north of the Victoria Falls."

Such was the message in the watch.

"Thank Heaven, father was alive ten days ago, for this is the twentieth of June!" cried Frank, as he read the last words of the letter.

"And this fellow is the runaway to whom he meant to give the watch," said the doctor.

"We will find out all he knows. I'll put the nigger through an examination, askin' the questions to Bodki, an' he can give them to the Caffre in his natural lingo," remarked the Yankee.

"Yes, yes! Everything he knows about my father we must know!" cried Frank eagerly.

The Yankee at once began to examine the strange Caffre, while Bodki acted as his interpreter. In this way, after many questions had been asked and answered, it was learned that the native was really the Caffre who was mentioned in the letter written by the captive trader. From the statement of the Caffre, the diamond hunters gathered that he had deserted the Arab slaves two days after the letter in the watch was written. That at the time he left the lawless band Frank's father was in good health, and not badly treated by his captors, who did not wish to reduce his value in the slave marts by making him undergo unnecessary hardships. The Caffre was intelligent for one of his race, having a good deal of cunning, and being possessed of

an excellent memory. He understood from the conversation of the Arab slavers that they meant to convey their white captive to the slave market of Durrunga, in the Soudan. The name of the Caffre's late captor's leader, the Arab chief, was El Kashan. The band numbered forty Arabs, and they were described so that the travelers felt they should know them if it was fated they were ever to overtake the marauders. The information given by the Caffres was quite complete.

CHAPTER XIII.—Pasaquez, the Spaniard.

The Caffre who had been intrusted with the message and the watch by Frank's father stated that he had intended to deliver them to our friends when he had satisfied himself that they were good men. Frank rewarded him, and he was allowed to continue on his homeward way, supplied with a quantity of provisions. The course of the travelers was now changed. They proceeded in a westerly direction, but although they wished to make great haste, they now traveled only by night, for they were in the Zulu country, and it was all important that they should not be discovered by these hostile natives. Fortune favored Frank and his friends. They passed through the Zulu country without an encounter with the savages. Then they proceeded more rapidly, yet it was necessary to husband the strength of the cattle, and it seemed to Frank, who longed for wings that he might fly to his father's rescue, that they proceeded slowly.

The land of the Malaccas was now traversed, and, thanks to Woolwell's knowledge of the tribe and to the fact that he had passed through their territory in company with the doctor; he managed to get his party along without trouble, thanks to the gifts with which he propitiated the chiefs. The African wilds now abounded with the more dangerous animals of the country, such as lions, tigers and the like. Sometimes at night the prowling lions ventured near the explorers' camp, and more than once the roar of a lion awoke the young diamond hunters from pleasant dreams of home and friends. On more than one occasion Woolwell's unerring rifle had brought down a lion, and the elephant hunter shot game enough to keep the camp well supplied at all times. But could the devoted pursuers of the Arab slave hunters hope to overtake them? This question Frank had asked at the moment when the march was resumed after they met the Caffre who had brought the message in the watch. Woolwell answered affirmatively, saying:

"Yes, ther pizen critters may be caught up with, I guess. That is, if they go on as is ther habit of their kidney. Ye see they stop and dicker for slaves at every chief's town, an' it takes time to strike up a bargain with the black kings. I count on ther Arabs makin' some long halts and a good many short ones. So ye see if we keep on in I may say there's a mighty good chance that we catch up to 'em before they strike the Congo River or get to the Soudan frontier."

Nearly eight weeks the diamond hunters had pursued their journey when one day, as they were traversing a wooded country, Woolwell sighted a small drove of elephants.

"I must have a shot at those feller!" cried

Woolwell, as he sighted his favorite big game, and, accompanied by the doctor, the American hunter galloped away to the windward on his fleet horse, followed by Bodki, who caught the enthusiasm of the white hunters. Frank and Pat would have followed their friend, but they dared not leave the wagon. In a few moments the hunters were out of sight, and scarcely had they vanished when all at once a circle of black warriors suddenly sprang up from the bushes and surrounded the young diamond hunters on all sides. The situation was one of great peril. The two boys were in danger of being made captives on the spot. But they leveled their rifles at the savage-looking natives and motioned them back. Perhaps the blacks understood something of the nature of firearms, for they seemed to hesitate about an advance when they beheld those weapons in the hands of the two white youths. There was an English hunting horn in the wagon, and Frank instantly seized it and blew a shrill blast.

It had been previously agreed between Woolwell and the others that the horn should be used to call him back to the wagon when he was out on the hunt in case of need. Woolwell and the doctor had not yet got within range of the elephants when they heard the blast of Frank's horn. They wheeled their horses and galloped back to the wagon, where the two boys still held the blacks at bay at the muzzles of their rifles. But Woolwell at once recognized the chief of the band, and he was recognized. The great elephant hunter was respected by the black king for his skill in slaying the elephant, it seemed.

Woolwell made a friendly signal, and the black chief ordered his followers to fall back. Thereupon he and the white hunter entered into a conversation. Woolwell knew something of the dialect spoken by the chief, and managed to make out what he said, while the black grasped the meaning of his own words. The hunter explained that his errand in that country was a peaceful one, and he gave the black some presents, which greatly pleased him and caused him to assure Woolwell of his friendship. Then the cunning Yankee questioned him about the Arab slave dealers, and much to his satisfaction the black stated that El Kashan's band had passed that way but a few days before, and he added that the slaver had stopped at his village to trade. And that while the Arabs were at his town a white slave, whom he described so that Woolwell recognized Frank's father, had died, and was buried there.

Woolwell then explained to the black chief the purpose of his journey, and at the lad's request the black chief conducted him and his comrades into his village. The black chief showed them to a hut, and they sat down to rest. Woolwell then explained to the black chief the purpose of his journey, and at the lad's request the black chief conducted him and his comrades into his village. The black chief showed them to a hut, and they sat down to rest. Woolwell then explained to the black chief the purpose of his journey, and at the lad's request the black chief conducted him and his comrades into his village. The black chief showed them to a hut, and they sat down to rest.

caught sight of a face at an opening in an adjacent kraal, which he knew to be that of an Arab. Remembering the rather minute description of the slave dealer, El Kashan, which had been given him by the escaped Caffre, Frank was thrilled by the startling conviction that the Arab in the kraal was none other than the man whom he had been in pursuit of. This discovery suggested peril and treachery, and Frank hastened to acquaint his friends with the fact. Woolwell covertly glanced at the kraal and he, too, saw the Arab.

"He is El Kashan, sure as shootin'. I'm afraid we have ventured into a trap. Ah, good heavens, look! Pasaquez, the Spaniard, is in the kraal with the Arab! Gee gosh! fellers, we had better git. But go slow an' don't let on you hev tumbled to anythin' scarry!" said Woolwell, in a low and thrilling tone.

The whites turned away from the nameless grave in the African wilds, and walked deliberately away, but their hearts beat fast, and they clutched their weapons firmly. The fact that the Arabs were concealed in the native village was in itself sufficient to tell that treachery was intended. But since Frank's vindictive foe was also present there, the danger was the greater.

"We must git outen the village if we hev to fight our way, an' by gosh, fight it is, I guess. Look yonder!" said Woolwell, as he led his friends forward.

With great apprehension they saw the black warriors of the village ranging themselves in a way to bar their passage, and a moment subsequently two score Arabs appeared upon the scene, as if by magic from the shelter of the kraals where they had been concealed. Among them came El Kashan, and the Spaniard, Nicholas Pasaquez. The latter, fixing his burning, snaky eyes upon Frank, shouted:

"Surrender, or you will all be put to death!"

"Never!" shouted Woolwell.

But the Arab slavers, backed by the negroes, quickly surrounded the little band of whites and began to close in upon them.

"I shall return to the Cape to claim the fair Della as my bride, while you go to the lifelong slavery or death here, as you prefer!" hissed Pasaquez, as he thought there was no escape for our friends.

CHAPTER XIV.—Over the Falls.

[illegible]

other in the days when Pasaquez had followed the trade of a dealer in men. The meeting between Pasaquez and the Arabs was most friendly. Native scouts brought the news of the approach of Frank and his party, and suspecting, from the description given by the black, who composed the band of white strangers, Pasaquez had sent his Caffres back to his camp, while he alone remained at the native village to plot against our boy hero. When Pasaquez found himself alone with the Arab slaver, he said:

"Here is an opportunity for you to secure a prize in white slaves, El Kashan. I know the approaching party, and I will acknowledge to you that I would like to see them all carried away into captivity. Particularly I am desirous that a boy who accompanies them should not escape."

The Arab's little jetty eyes gleamed with avaricious light. He grasped the hilt of his curved sword which hung at his girdle and replied fiercely:

"The strangers number but five persons. By the beard of the prophet, we will take them all without difficulty! The Christian dogs cannot stand before my two score faithful followers."

"But we must also make sure of the assistance of the natives. We must be assured that they do not side with the strangers."

"True, Ali. But the black king is a cunning, treacherous fellow. He will serve us. I will call him."

The Arab summoned the king of the village and said:

"The strangers who are coming are spics. They are here to find out the strength of your people, that they may return again and drive you from your homes, as the whites have driven the natives of the south before them everywhere. Yes, the coming whites are at heart the enemies of the black men."

"Then they shall never go back to their own land. The jackal and the lion shall pick their bones," replied the native king.

Then a further conversation ensued, and although Woolwell had on the occasion of his previous visit sought to make a friend of the black king, the treacherous negro agreed to play into the hands of the slavers and entice the whites into his power. The pretended attack on the two boys was only a part of the clever comedy of deception planned by Pasaquez and the Arab, and well enacted by the blacks. When all the arrangements were made for the capture of Frank and his friends, El Kashan remarked:

"By my faith, the capture of these dogs of Englishmen will reconcile me to the loss of the valuable white slave who died here yesterday. He told me he was once a trader, and that his name was Harrison."

The Spaniard started as if he had been shot at the mention of the name of the man who had so cruelly wronged him.

"Yes; he died of fever here, and I was one of my own men. I saw him buried. Yonder is his grave," and the Arab pointed to the low made mound over which poor Elwell had laid his weary

Nicholas Pasaquez's face brightened with an expression of relief.

"The man was an enemy of mine," he said, and then the subject was dismissed.

The execution of the first part of the plan for the surprise and capture of the whites we have witnessed. When the Spaniard uttered the vindictive threat recorded at the close of the preceding chapter, as the Arabs surrounded our friends and the blacks ranged themselves so as to intercept their flight, Woolwell suddenly uttered a wild yell, and dashing forward, he discharged his sixteen-shot repeating rifle as fast as he could press the trigger, pouring a terrible volley into the ranks of the foe.

"Come on, fellers! Throw lead the best you know how!" yelled the daring American.

The conduct of the giant downeaster inspired his companions. They charged after him, firing rapidly as they went. The Arabs could have shot them down, but dead they were worthless to the slavers, while each white man, taken alive, might be counted as worth many gold pieces in the slave markets of the Soudan. It was this consideration that no doubt prevented the Arabs from shooting the white men on the spot. The onset of the whites, who were rendered desperate by their well-nigh hopeless situation, was a wild rush that for a moment carried all their enemies before them.

The Arabs fell back before Woolwell, and the blacks retreated. Taking advantage of the momentary confusion of their enemies, Woolwell led his friends beyond the village; but the Arabs and their native allies were in close pursuit of them. The native village was located near the banks of a tributary of the Congo river. As they came along this river on their way to the village, the young diamond hunters' party had noticed a number of native canoes drawn up on its bank. Remembering this, Woolwell cried:

"We'll make for the river. There is a chance for us yit, by gosh!"

The American dashed for the canoes, followed by his comrades. It seemed that the blacks understood what the white men meant to do, for they uttered yells of consternation, and the word of their language, meaning boats, was shouted more than once. It was a thrilling race for life in which Frank and his brave comrades now engaged against their pursuers. If our friends did not reach the boats in advance of the enemy, they were surely lost. On they sped like the wind, and they distanced the foe and seized the boats. Working like the wind in speed, under the direction of Woolwell, the fugitives cast adrift all the native canoes save one large dugout, which they entered and paddled to the middle of the deep river. The current was swift.

While the boats which they had cast adrift floated swiftly away, our friends followed in their boat. Swiftly they sped down the river. But, glancing back, they saw the two large war canoes, which must have been secreted under the overhanging bushes and thus escaped their notice, had been launched and were coming downstream after them, loaded with Arabs. In the foremost of the pursuing boats they saw Pasaquez, the Spaniard, and El Kashan, the Arab. The boat in which our friends were seeking to escape had a good start, and the pursuers did not gain on them very rapidly, though they bent to the pad-

dles with a will. All at once, as Woolwell's boat rounded a sharp bend in the river he uttered a yell of alarm and shouted

"Back water, boys! Back water for your lives!"

Just ahead was a frightful falls. Woolwell's cry of warning came too late, and the next moment the boat plunged over the cataract.

CHAPTER XV.—Ben Hussa, the Arab.

"Ho! Ho! They are gone to their death!" cried Pasaquez, as he saw the boat of the fugitives shoot over the falls.

"Yes. By the beard of the prophet, no one can escape such a fall as that," assented the Arab sheik.

Our friends' pursuers were obliged to back water with a will to avoid going over the falls themselves. But they reached the bank whence they had come, made a landing, and then ran along the bank to the falls to see if any trace of the men they were hunting could be found. There was a rocky wall on each side of the fall, and gloomy rocks shut out the light below the cataract. Only a seething, surging whirlpool, where the water dashed in mad fury upon jagged rocks, sending spray and mist upward through the darkness in a blinding cloud, could be seen under the falls. Farther down the stream the water became calm and there Pasaquez and the Arabs discovered the boat which had gone over the falls. It was floating upside down and none of its recent occupants was found.

"They must have been carried by the under current into some of the underground channels of the river which are said to exist under the falls," said El Kashan, who was familiar with the river.

"Yes, yes, I suppose you are right, and yet the boy I wished so particularly to have carried away by you has as many lives as a cat, and he would be likely to escape where any one else would perish," said the Spaniard.

The late pursuers of our friends retraced their steps to the native village, and the next day Pasaquez and his caravan resumed their trading journey. The Spaniard congratulated himself that now since Frank and his father were both dead, his crimes would never be found out. Some days later, just as the Spaniard's caravan was going into camp for the night, a stranger—an Arab, whose garments were in rags, and who looked as though he had undergone great hardships—appeared out of an adjacent jungle. The poor fellow was questioned by the Spaniard in the Arctic language. In the same tongue the other made answer.

He said that he had belonged to the band of El Kashan. That he had gone on a hunt and became separated from his friends and lost in the wilderness. He further stated that he had wandered for days, and almost perished for want of food. Pasaquez saw no reason to doubt the fellow, particularly as he told of having seen Pasaquez at the native village, and claimed to have taken part in the attempt to capture Frank and his friends. The Spaniard asked the name of the lost man, and the latter replied:

"My name is Ben Hussa. I belong to the tribe of Bedouin Arabs of Darrunga in the Soudan."

"And what do you wish me to do for you?"

"Let me join your train. I will serve you faithfully, and I care not to return to my tribe for fear of the blood feud which I have incurred."

The Spaniard knew that according to the custom of the Arabs, when one of a family was slain, all his relatives sought to kill his slayer. This was the blood feud. Pasaquez assured the Arab that he could join his band. Thereafter Ben Hussa traveled with the party of the trader. The Arab made himself very useful, and his intelligence and care of his duties so greatly commended him to the Spaniard that he appointed him his lieutenant in place of Togar the Congo, whom we may say here ultimately shared the fate of Ashurus at the hands of the enraged Boers. Ben Hussa was faithful in every way for all the time that elapsed, until having had a profitable expedition, the Spaniard's train set out on the return march to the Cape. Less than four months had elapsed since the Spaniard left Cape Town. If all went well, he expected to arrive at Cape Town in less than four months from the date of his departure. Pasaquez exulted in the thought that he was going to claim the beautiful girl whom Billman had promised to him. In his cups—and Pasaquez often drank deeply—he became confidential and told Ben Hussa of Della and his hopes. Pasaquez, to a certain extent, made a comrade of the intelligent Arab, Ben Hussa, and confided much in him. But, at the same time, he did not reveal anything of his villainous plot against Frank and his father, even when in his cups.

Too shrewd was Pasaquez for such a course. He trusted no man fully whose interests were not his own. Ben Hussa listened with interest to all Pasaquez said, and urged him to talk cunningly without seeming to do so. The Arab had gained a wonderful ascendancy over the Caffres of Pasaquez's band—the old servant of Frank Harrison's father. The return journey of the caravan was well-nigh completed. They had crossed the snow mountains, and but a few days' journey lay between them and Cape Town. One night when the hour of midnight had almost arrived, and the camp of Pasaquez's caravan was silent, as though all slept, eight dark forms might have been seen stealing toward the wagon in which Nicholas Pasaquez slept. These stealthy night prowlers were all Caffres save one, and all were members of the Spaniard's party. The one man who was not a Caffre was Ben Hussa, the Arab.

Before the covered wagon was reached Ben Hussa whispered to his followers for a moment. Then they surrounded the Spaniard's wagon. The Arab advanced and climbed up into the rear of the wagon. There he stood like a graven figure of stone—a statue motionless under the light of the African moon—and leveled a revolver at the form of the sleeping Spaniard. For a moment the silence was unbroken, and then Ben Hussa spoke. With an exclamation, Nicholas Pasaquez started up, and beheld the man standing in the rear end of the wagon. A yell of alarm burst from the lips of the Spaniard, and then a thrilling and surprising scene ensued, which will be explained presently.

But was the judgment of their enemies cor-

rect when they thought that the young diamond hunters had gone to their death over the falls? No! We need make no secret of the fact that our friends escaped most miraculously. They were caught by the under current and carried into a rock-bound underground passage, where they were cast up high and dry beyond the reach of the water, into a cavern. They were bruised and battered by contact with the rocks, but none of them was very seriously hurt. After some time spent in exploring the cavern, Woolwell discovered a rift in the roof through which a ray of light came. He and his comrades enlarged this opening after hours of severe labor, to such an extent that they could crawl through it, and thus they made their escape from the cave.

"Now we have no motive for further explorations, I would that I could remove my poor father's remains, and give them burial in a civilized land, but that may not be. Let us hasten to return to the Cape, and God grant that I may arrive there ahead of the Spaniard," said Frank, when he and his friends were out of the cave.

CHAPTER XVI.—Justice—Conclusion.

Meantime, secure in the thought that Frank and his father would never trouble him again, Ralph Billman had assumed the ownership of the Harrison farm, and the plotting scoundrel exulted in the supposed triumph of his evil machinations. Della Brewster, Billman's step-daughter, had received the letter Frank dispatched to her, and the missive, as the young diamond hunter had wished, was secretly conveyed to his sweetheart. Not long after Frank's departure from Cape Town, Billman had informed Della of his wish that she should become Pasaquez's bride upon the Spaniard's return. The girl had refused to listen to such a proposition, and she justly resented the summary manner in which Billman delegated to himself the authority of an arbiter of her destiny.

"I have given my word that you shall wed Pasaquez, and my promise shall not be broken. Resistance on your part will not avail, and I shall look to it that you do not imitate the example of that thankless ingrate, Frank Harrison, and run away."

From that day Della Brewster found herself virtually a prisoner. She was never allowed to go beyond the high wall that surrounded Billman's residence, and an aged but alert and vigilant woman, who had long been in Billman's service and who was entirely devoted to him, kept the maiden under constant surveillance. Billman had received word by a messenger sent by Pasaquez that Frank had been carried away into slavery by Ashurus, the Portuguese, and he had informed Della that Frank was dead. But this dreadful news the maiden did not credit.

Meanwhile Frank and his party, after many adventures on the way, arrived in the neighborhood of Cape Town. They had learned from the Boer settlers of the Transvaal that the Spaniard and his caravan were ahead of them. But day by day the trail of Pasaquez's caravan, which they were following, became more and more distinct, and on the night when Ben Hussa, the Arab, in whom the Spaniard trusted, crept stealthily to his wagon, followed by his seven trusted Caffres,

Frank and his friends were encamped at a distance about a mile to the northward of his enemies' bivouac. Our friends were not aware of the proximity of the Spaniard, however. They thought he was about a day's march ahead of them. That night, as Frank and his friends were seated about their campfire, it chanced that Frank fell to talking about Billman, and in the course of the conversation, he remarked:

"I never thought the man had a true face. There was to my mind always something about him that awakened my distrust. I remember now how a red scar on his temple used to glow like fire when he was angry, and what a baleful light flashed in his eyes on such occasions."

Dr. Dodge started violently as he heard the boy's words, and he hastened to ask:

"Had Billman all his fingers?" asked the doctor, in great excitement.

"No. He has lost the little finger of the left hand."

"I think I've found my man at last!" exclaimed the doctor; and he added: "Describe the man to me as minutely as possible, Frank."

The lad complied.

"Heavens! At last my guilty partner is located!" cried the doctor, when Frank concluded his description of Billman.

"What do you mean?" asked the lad wonderingly.

"That the reason that I am a wanderer here in Africa is because I traced a man by the name of Jason Briggs, who was once my partner, and who robbed me of an inheritance and fled from America here. Though I knew the villain was in Africa, I failed to find him all these years. Now in Mr. Billman I recognize Jason Briggs, my runaway partner, and I shall cause his immediate arrest upon our arrival in Cape Town."

Now we will return to Pasaquez's caravan. As the Spaniard leaped up and uttered a terrible cry as he beheld Ben Hussa, the Arab, standing in the rear of his wagon with a revolver leveled at his head, the latter said coolly in excellent English, and in a voice which he had not used before:

"You are my prisoner, you infernal scoundrel!"

"That voice! Oh, fates and furies, am I insane!" cried Pasaquez, staring at Ben Hussa.

The latter uttered a shrill whistle, and in answer to his signal the Caffres who surrounded the wagon leaped into it, and in a trice Pasaquez was bound hand and foot. Then while the wretch raved in impotent fury the man whom he had known and trusted as Ben Hussa, the Arab, removed a cunning facial disguise, and Frank Harrison's father stood revealed, alive and well.

His supposed death and burial at the native village, where Frank supposed he looked upon his grave, was but a cunning ruse to facilitate his escape. In former days, Mr. Harrison had saved the life of one of El Kashan's band. This man was an Arab. Through his cunning and "flattery" was made a friend of Mr. Harrison, and through him secured the deception. Then disguised as an Arab, Mr. Harrison fled. He really had lost his way after that, and it was only by chance he came upon the Spaniard.

Mr. Harrison, while assuming the part of Ben

Hussa, had secretly made his real identity known to his former Caffre servants, and the plan to capture Pasaquez, which we have seen carried out, was matured. The next morning, just as Frank and his party were about to start on their homeward journey again, Mr. Harrison, no longer in disguise, approached. His Caffres, two of whom had been on a night hunt, had brought him word of the proximity of his son. As Frank beheld his father approaching, he thought at first that he must be gazing upon an apparition from another world. But Mr. Harrison reassured him by saying:

"It is I, Frank. I am your own father, alive and well. My death and burial, in which you believe, was a deception."

Mr. Harrison explained to Frank and his friends that he had never given Pasaquez the caravan, and that the bill of sale the Spaniard exhibited was a forgery. He also stated that Billman had deliberately lied to and deceived Frank and the public. The caravan halted just outside of the city. Then Pasaquez was induced by threats to make a full confession, which was taken down in writing. This confession implicated Billman to such an extent that his conviction must follow when he was brought to the bar of justice. Taking Pasaquez's confession with him, and accompanied by Frank and his friends, including the faithful Bodki, Mr. Harrison proceeded to the house of Mr. Billman.

Billman was at home, and Mr. Harrison was admitted by a servant, to whom he gave an assumed name. When the man whose fortune he had stolen, and whom he believed to be held in slavery far away, strode into his library and confronted him, as he presently did, Billman uttered a yell of terror and made a dash to escape. But Dr. Dodge darted forward from behind Mr. Harrison and caught the scoundrel by the throat and hurled him to the floor, where he held him while he hissed:

"I've tracked you across the sea, and now I mean to have back the fortune of which you robbed me."

We need not dwell upon what ensued. Suffice it to say that Billman was placed behind prison bars that very day, his arrest having been duly accomplished. In due time Billman and Pasaquez, who shared the former's prison, were tried and convicted, and punished as the law of South Africa dictated.

Mr. Harrison obtained possession of his own again, and Dr. Dodge recovered the greater portion of the inheritance Billman had stolen from him. Pat Murphy and Woolwell returned to the diamond mines, and there they both acquired comfortable fortunes. The Irish boy went home to Ireland and married the "Widdy McGee's daughter," and we may take it for granted that he was happy ever after.

Frank and Della became man and wife about two years later, and, accompanied by Mr. Harrison, Woolwell and Dr. Dodge, they returned to America, where all have since dwelt in peace and prosperity.

Next week's issue will contain "THE PHANTOM BRIG; or, THE CHASE OF THE FLYING CLIPPER."

CURRENT NEWS

CATS IN THE WAR

The newspapers of America have been giving a great deal of attention to a story which stated that 500,000 cats were used by the British Army in the front line trenches. There were many features about the story that seemed overdrawn, and for that reason a letter of inquiry was sent to Captain E. G. Fairholme, Chief Secretary of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals of London, England, who writes:

"A great deal of this is journalism, though, of course, a large number of cats were sent out to the British Army, not only to detect gas, but to help keep down the rats and mice, and an enormous number of these cats became the personal friends and pets of the soldiers. I cannot give you the number sent out, but I do not, from enquiries, think that it was anything like the figure that the newspapers put. In any case we brought the subject to the notice of the authorities with a view to these animals being painlessly destroyed, unless good homes could be found for them in the countries concerned."

FARMERS MAY USE CORN FOR FUEL IN NEBRASKA

Hundreds of thousand of bushels of corn may be used as fuel by farmers in Northern Nebraska this winter, according to reports brought here from north line counties. High priced coal and a bounteous but low-priced crop of corn are given as the reason. New corn, unshelled, now brings three-quarters of a cent a pound, or \$15 a ton.

The cheapest soft coal is \$15, and there are transportation charges above that. A wagon box thirty inches high is required to hold a ton of unshelled corn, and that amount, it is said, will make a hotter fire and last longer than a ton of coal.

Burning corn as a substitute for coal is not a new procedure for Nebraska farmers, according to C. H. Gustafson, president of the Nebraska Farmers' Union.

In the early history of the state it was a common practice among farmers to burn corn as fuel. In Gustafson's old farm, so far as he knows, they burned a great deal of corn in 1880, when the coal was very scarce. He said that the corn was burned in a great many places, and that it was a very common practice at that time.

"The corn is burned in corn shocks, or in a great many places, and it is a very common practice at that time," Mr. Gustafson said.

PERPETUAL RAINFALL ON VIRGINIA FARM

Through a freak of nature on the farm of M. S. Hileman, near Central, rain has been falling for more than two weeks on a patch of ground about twenty feet square. Scientists have come from far and near to examine the phenomenon, but so far none has been able to offer any explanation. Tiny drops constantly fall within the small area. At times the rain is like a heavy drizzle, and at other times the drops are clearly defined and fall very rapidly. The heaviest fall of waters ap-

pears to be near the four corners of the square. Day and night the rain continues and shows no sign of abatement, even when the sky overhead is perfectly clear.

Hileman states that when he built his home, which is near the "raining zone," several years ago, he found eleven feet of sand on top of a clay formation. This sand is damp and retains its moisture, and it is his theory that, on account of the hot weather, this moisture rises into the air, where it is condensed and then returns to the earth.

The "perpetual rainfall" has proved a bonanza for him. So many visitors have come to see the phenomenon that he decided to charge an admission fee of twenty-five cents to all sightseers. Last Sunday more than six hundred paid to get a peep at it. Meteorologists are expected to visit Hileman's "rain" in an effort to reach a solution of the mystery.

WABBLING WAMBAT HERE FROM SYDNEY

The freighter Bellbuckle arrived at her pier in South Brooklyn October 31 from Sydney, Australia, via the Panama Canal, with more than 4,000 specimens of animals, birds and reptiles, including almost everything from a jumping kangaroo to a wabbling wombat. There were white cockatoos, with their tufts standing up straight on their heads, and the quaint collection of animal, bird and fish, the Australian platibus, which is collected, suckles its young and is web-footed. The favorite practice of the platibus along the coast is to leave the shore and climb to the extreme top of the loftiest palm tree and then utter a mournful cry and dive down into the ocean again. Why the platibus does this no one knows.

Bill Cringle, one of the animal keepers, said he had tried unsuccessfully to get a specimen of a genuine dingalingadinga to bring to America, and a good price had been offered in Melbourne and Sydney. This animal, he added, was very rare and difficult to capture, as it could not live on land and instantly died in water.

The biggest kangaroo on board stood 7 feet 6 inches on its hind feet, and passed away the voyage by boxing with the crew and generally keeping everybody on their toes. John Joseph, an Australian bushman, who brought over the collection, said that the big kangaroo's record for boxing was 52 out of 54. The kangaroo will go to the Bronx Zoo with the majority of the animals, birds and reptiles on the steamship.

When the Bellbuckle left Sydney it carried only 3,800 specimens, but by the time the vessel reached Brooklyn the number had increased to 4,120.

Ellis said that off the coast of New Caledonia the emus got out and opened the cage for the "Tasmanian devils" to join them. They were enjoying a promenade on deck when the ostriches got out and a free fight started, while the red-headed cockatoos stood on their perches and shrieked for help.

CHARLIE CHAPMAN'S COURAGE

—OR—

THE BOY WHO TOOK CARE OF HIS MOTHER

By WILLIAM WADE

(A SERIAL STORY)

CHAPTER XII.—(Continued)

The other fellow instinctively hesitated.

It is hard to strike a man in the open face, when he does not raise a hand or move in self-defense.

Charlie shrewdly knew this.

He also knew that the vantage was with him, for the other knew he was in the wrong, and knew that he was acting in a shameful manner before two girls whom he liked and respected.

Yet, so stubborn was the rich man's son, that still he would not admit himself in the wrong.

"Drop that whip!" cried Charlie Chapman, in even louder tones.

Lewis Henlon lowered his arm.

"For two cents, I'd——" he began.

"Drop that whip without the two cents," cried Charlie, with determination.

This time he strode toward the other chap, and before Henlon realized it he had snatched the whip from his hands.

"Now, you can try it on me and see if I will drop it," said Charlie.

A great guffaw of laughter went up from the men, and even the girls tittered, much to Henlon's shame.

Charlie held the whip in readiness.

"Get into that carriage now, or buggy, whichever you call it. I am going to teach you some more politeness."

Henlon started toward him, but the whip whizzed back threateningly.

He resitated.

"Now ask the pardon of the young ladies," commanded Charlie.

Henlon was about to refuse, when the whip whizzed once more, and nearly reached him.

He dodged back, crashing his head with a bang against the support of the buggy top.

"Well, I apologize to them, but not to you," he said, in a low voice.

"You don't need to, my gentle friend and fellow townsman," said Charlie. "All Fernbank will be laughing at you by another day, and that will please me more than your apology, for it will be sincere and your words won't."

He turned to Frances Cromley, and to Bess Mallory, with a smile.

"I'm sorry we came to this sort of unpleasant fracas before you, girls. But I won't have my family insulted in front or behind any one in this world. Now, young fellow, you retract your remarks about a dead man whom I love and respect more than any other in the world."

Here Henlon's better self prevailed.

"I do beg your pardon, Charlie Chapman," said he. "You should have struck me for that. I would have done so to you, if you had committed such an offense. I do beg your pardon."

This time his humility was honest.

Charlie had indeed made a victory.

He turned toward Frances and Bess.

"You may have my horse to ride back home on, Frances," said he.

"Ride with me," pleaded Henlon. "I'm very sorry, Frances, indeed I am."

The girl looked at the youth, and she could not conceal her displeasure. But then she remembered that Charlie and Bess had been riding together.

A flame of jealousy sprang up at once.

"You can keep your pretty horse, Charlie," she remarked with the utmost suavity. "But I believe I will try Lewis' buggy again."

The farmers laughed, as did Bess.

They all saw the spark of spirit in the girl's pretty blue eyes.

But Charlie saw that he had made a good play.

"Very well, then, Frances. Suit yourself. It would have spoiled one of the finest horseback rides I ever had. I believe my clothes will dry on horseback, as well as a clothesline."

He mounted Black Nell, after helping Bess Mallory into her saddle.

Blushing with a bit of increasing indignation, Frances stepped into Henlon's buggy.

"Drive home at once," she commanded, frowning.

The farmers went on their way, after thanks for their help.

Charlie and Bess galloped on out into the country, and Frances with Henlon rode into town.

CHAPTER XIII.

A Victory of Trading.

When Charlie and Bess reached the judge's house, they were given a great welcome.

The old fellow was in a merry humor. For it not only pleased him, naturally enough, to have his daughter rescued so opportunely, but he perceived that Frances was greatly piqued by the fact that Charlie had gone on with his ride, in the company of the beautiful cousin from the city.

"Come here, you rogue!" exclaimed Judge Cromley, with a sly wink. "You worked that fine, and I am going to tip you off to something good as a reward."

Charlie reddened.

"I don't need rewards, sir, for helping my friends, and you know how much I would do for Frances, anyway. I'd jump into a river of boiling lead."

The judge punched him in the side, with a laugh, as he answered the earnest youth's words, with a kindly and proud look.

"Now, Charlie, you have my O. K. to carry out your ideas, but I didn't mean to reward you on the subject of saving her life. It was because you gave her a little manly treatment, to let her know that there were other things in the world besides petticoats and pretty faces."

(To be continued)

THE NEWS IN SHORT ARTICLES.

WASP KILLS SNAKE

Michael Devins of Dingman Ferry, Pa., saw a black snake in the middle of the roadway, writhing and wiggling frantically and striking here and there as if at an imaginary enemy. After several minutes the snake stretched out and died. Devins found in the reptile's mouth a large yellowjacket. Probably the snake thought the wasp would make a choice morsel of food, but found it had mighty "hot feet." Although exhausted from the fierce battle the yellowjacket was alive.

SYLVIA PANKHURST SENT TO JAIL

Sylvia Pankhurst recently was found guilty of sedition and was sentenced to spend six months in prison. The charge against her was based on an issue of a Communist magazine of which she was the editor.

The former militant suffragette delivered a long harangue in court in which she threatened to preach revolution until the capital system had been destroyed.

Since Sylvia Pankhurst was arrested recently it has been made known by the government that letters she had written to Nikolai Lenine, Premier of Soviet Russia, were in its possession. In one of these she was quoted as saying, alluding to her arrest:

"I expect six months' imprisonment. I have considered the hunger strike, but I am afraid that weapon has been destroyed, since the government is letting the Irish hunger strikers die."

In another letter to Lenine Miss Pankhurst was declared to have written:

"The situation is most acute; not ready for revolution yet."

THE SAFEST BRIDGE ACROSS THE CHASM

"The United States is a strong bridge which will carry Liberty bonds across to maturity exactly on the level and without regard to the depth of the chasm that is crossed," says the Washington Post. In a editorial recently on the Liberty bond situation the Post says:

"The market price for Liberty bonds is quite low. Evidently many owners of bonds are selling these securities. If they are not compelled by dire necessity to let go of their holdings, they are foolish to sell, for the bonds are worth 100 cents on the dollar and will bring that if they are held. In addition, they yield interest at a fair rate and no pledge on earth is more sure. If the United States lives, the bonds will be paid in full, interest and principal. Of what other security in the world can this be said with equal assurance?"

"A decrease in market price is often misunderstood by holders of bonds who are not familiar with financial matters. They take alarm and feel that they must sell their bonds 'before they go lower in price.' That is false reasoning, and if adopted it causes unnecessary loss to individuals who can not afford to lose even one dollar."

"All that is necessary is to hold all bonds. The market price is partly manipulation and partly the result of excessive selling by persons

who may be ignorant or too hard pressed. But the market price need have nothing to do with any bondholder. He is not concerned with the depth of a railroad cut if he is on a stout bridge, his only concern being the journey across the bridge."

"Similarly the only concern of a bondholder is to collect the coupons and the bond in full when due. The price might sag to nothing, but that means nothing if the owner does not sell. The United States is a strong bridge that will carry the bond across to maturity, exactly on the level and without regard to the depth of the chasm that is crossed."

FIND GOLD

To be searching a home for liquor and suddenly come upon a fruit jar which bore evidence of containing liquor, and then upon closer investigation to discover that it contained \$370 in gold, was the experience of Deputy United States Marshal E. L. Sanborn and Ben Holter one Saturday afternoon at No. 532 East Galena street, Butte, Mont.

Shortly after their discovery they showed the jar and its contents to Mrs. Joe Bracich, who occupies the house, but she did not seem to know anything about it. Later they reported their findings to Joe himself, and he confessed that the money was his. When asked his object in hiding money away in that fashion, Bracich stated that he had little confidence in the banks and he figured out that his basement was the safest place.

He told the officers how many gold pieces were in the jar, also the denominations, and the small fortune was turned over to him, with some advice as to the proper manner in which really to save his wealth.

BEAR ATTACKS HUNTER

In a fight at close quarters with a large black bear on a ledge high up on Blue Mountain, N. Y., in a snowstorm, two deer hunters came off uppermost the other morning. They were John Frisbie of Constable, N. Y., and Charles Lovett, New York correspondent for a St. Louis paper.

They were members of a party of ten hunters of deer who have been driving for game through the Blue, West and Rice Mountain ranges for ten days.

Lovett was armed with a repeating rifle of heavy calibre, and had fired three shots into the bear at close range when his gun jammed. Practically cornered, the hunter had only a hunting knife and the gun to use as a club as the enraged wounded bear approached as if to attack him. Frisbie, attracted by the shooting, peered over a ledge just above when only a rock separated Lovett from the animal. Frisbie, using an automatic rifle, poured a stream of lead at the bear, and one bullet crashed through its head, killing it instantly.

Many large deer have been killed in these mountains since the season opened on Oct. 15, but this is the first bear killed in this district this season.

INTERESTING NEWS ARTICLES

NEW WAY TO KILL SQUIRRELS

When Carl Strait of Harrisburg, Pa., shot a gray squirrel perched on a tree gnawing a nut, the charge went wild, but one stray shot struck the nut, jamming it down the squirrel's throat and choking it to death. When Strait and his companions picked up the squirrel they could not find a shot wound and were mystified until they discovered the nut lodged in its throat.

A CYLINDRICAL PRISON

The new cylindrical State Prison at Statesville, Ill., is the first of its kind in the world. A slight curve in the skylight figured by a professor of astronomy at the University of Chicago gives every one of the 248 cells that do not get sunlight direct ninety minutes of sunlight on every bright day. Every cell has an individual wash bowl, with hot and cold water. In the center of the prison is a tower, from which the guards can see the movements of all the prisoners. The prison is surrounded with a circular concrete wall, thirty-three and one-half feet high, and at night the outside of the prison is lighted with brilliant electric lights.

DEATH OF NOTED DWARF

Count Primo Magri, known to thousands throughout the United States died at St. Luke's Hospital, Middleboro, Mass., following a two weeks' illness, aged seventy-one years.

He had appeared in European cities and had toured this country with Barnum and other showmen. His wife, who was the widow of Tom Thumb, died this year, and he had never been the same since.

Count Magri was thirty-seven inches in height and weighed fifty pounds. His parents were of the Italian nobility. He was examined by the medical fraternity at Bologna, Paris, Milan and other European cities and declared to be the most perfect small man ever called to their attention.

SAVING SHIPS AFIRE

Common enough are smoldering fires on board ship. In many cases they are comparatively harmless. They arise mostly from spontaneous combustion, caused by piling large quantities of coal in close quarters.

It is said there is not much danger from such a fire; hardly any on an iron or steel ship. The first protective measure is to exclude the air, so that the fire can only smolder. Then the bunker is flooded with water, which usually serves to extinguish the fire.

Even in wooden ships the danger from smoldering fire is not half so great as has been pictured by legends. This is illustrated by the experience of the captain of the Twin Brothers, engaged some years ago in the wheat trade between San Francisco and Liverpool. The vessel was returning from the latter port with a thousand tons of coal in the hold as ballast. Just after she rounded Cape Horn it was discovered that the coal was on fire.

There was a steam pump on board, and after

closing the lower hatches the crew flooded the hold until the ship had settled about four feet lower in the water. No one was frightened and every one was confident that the ship would be safely brought into port at San Francisco. Call was made at Valparaiso, but not a man deserted the ship.

The vessel was seventy-two days in reaching San Francisco from the Horn, and all that time the coal burned, and little streams of smoke could be seen coming through the cracks in the deck. Arriving at San Francisco the Twin Brothers sailed out on the mud flats and was flooded until she settled almost even with her upper deck. This extinguished the fire.

The appearance of the vessel after all this was pretty fair evidence what a ship may survive in the way of fire damage. In a dozen places the bottom had burned through, and all that was between the crew and the deep sea was the thin sheet of copper bottom. The weight of the coal and the pressure of the water kept about equal strain on both sides of the copper sheeting, and it had not broken through, although it was little thicker than an ordinary tin pan.

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GOOD READING

CLOTH MADE FROM ARTIFICIAL WOOL

A process has been discovered by which artificial wool can be produced from cotton waste, says the South African Journal of Industries. The basis of the artificial wool is cellulose acetate, and the material is claimed to be an even better insulator against heat and cold than ordinary wool, that it will wear well, and that it can be successfully dyed any desired color.

The new material has been subjected to severe tests by the textile department of the Leeds (England) University, where it has been successfully converted into fabrics. Cloth was woven with a mixture consisting half of artificial wool and half of natural wool, the product resembling tweed. The cloth, according to Prof. A. F. Barker, head of the department concerned, would prove serviceable for men's wear.

THE FOOLISH PEASANT

Once upon a time there was a peasant who said it was too cold to go out into the woods to chop large logs for the fire. So he conceived the idea of chopping up the furniture for that purpose. In a short time he had disposed thus of the chairs and tables—and, then, being cold once more, he took out the window frames and burned them, and after the window frames, the doors.

These being burned, he was colder than ever, of course. Thereupon he started to tear down the house and burn it piece by piece until, at the end, he had neither house nor heat.

The folly of this peasant is not unlike that of the person who, for frivolous reason, sells his Liberty Bonds which, by painstaking thrift and sacrifice, he acquired during the war to be his protection for the rainy day.

He is disposing of a sheltering roof and knocking out the door that might serve later to help keep out the wolf.

A Liberty Bond is capital. No prudent man or firm ever dissipates capital, for it is the foundation on which a business is based. A firm that begins dipping into capital for running expenses is ready for bankruptcy and ruin.

Don't spend your Liberty Bonds. To do so is like burning down the house to keep warm.

NOW THE SUPERPISTOL

The U. S. Army, U. S. A., which has been for many years one of the great powers in the world, has now developed a new and improved type of pistol. This new type of pistol is known as the "Superpistol" and is a very powerful weapon. It is a semi-automatic pistol, and is capable of firing ten rounds of ammunition without the need to reload. The Superpistol is a very compact and lightweight weapon, and is easy to handle. It is a very effective weapon, and is a great addition to the U. S. Army's armament.

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numerous complicated parts known to gas and recoil operated automatic guns, weighing from two to four pounds, are done away with.

A box magazine holding 20 cartridges, a drum magazine for 50 cartridges and a drum magazine for 100 cartridges are provided. The magazines are interchangeable in the magazine opening of the gun and operate without any connection with the gun mechanism. The raising of 100 cartridges against gravity, achieved in the latter magazine, is a remarkable and hitherto unaccomplished fact.

The gun, it is held, is without an equal for riot use, and for the police in chasing thieves and other lawbreakers who attempt to escape in motorcars, and even an inexperienced man, it is said, can fire with the effect of an expert marksman, and moving targets can be hit with the ease that a fireman sprays a hose on a flame.—Army and Navy Journal.

LEATHER 400 YEARS

At some time prior to 1893 there was standing in the City of Hamburg, Germany, an old building which had to be removed to make way for improvements. Records and tradition established the fact that this building had been standing four hundred years. There is nothing very remarkable about that, says the Scientific American; but when the building had been torn down and the foundations for the new building were being dug, the workmen discovered some old tan vats, which were evidently the remains of an old tannery that had been in operation on this site before this four hundred year old building was put up.

In one of the vats, which probably had been filled in with earth, they found a relic of the old tannery in the shape of a tanned hide. Part of this hide fell into the hands of a prominent merchant in Hamburg, who dealt in leather goods. He was sufficiently interested in the relic to have moulded from a piece of the hide a leather cup which he brought with him to America in 1893, at the time of the Chicago Exposition, and he left this cup with one of the largest of our leather manufacturers, who vouch for the integrity and standing of Mr. Gearckens, the donor.

In consideration of its great age, it is a tribute to the quality of this ancient piece of leather that it could be moulded into such a shape as this. We are informed that only a very high class piece of leather would stand, without breaking, the pressure required to complete the right-angled bend at the bottom of the cup. The forming of the fluting at the top of the cup was a strain upon the leather only a little less severe. Yet the leather has been bent and moulded both in these convolutions and in the body of the cup itself.

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

NOME'S 15,000 NOW 200

Nome, Alaska, which during the gold rush of 1900 had a population estimated at 15,000, was left with but 200 inhabitants when the steamer Victoria, the last boat of the season for the States, sailed from there, according to passengers who were in Seattle, Nov. 2.

The Victoria brought 523 passengers from Alaska, 350 of whom were from Nome. Many of these declare they would not return.

HUMAN HAIR TRAFFIC IN ITALY

Apart from being curious, the trade in human hair is a big industry. Italians easily take the lead in this traffic, the main source of their supply being obtained from the peasant women of Italy, Dalmatia and Switzerland.

Several times a year these human hair merchants send their agents around to collect supplies, which are usually immense, for hair-growing is cultivated on a very large scale by these women and yields a good remuneration to the producer.

Two crops of hair a year, and looking none the worse for the loss, is not extraordinary among these peasant women. Half the hair at the back of the head is shorn off, the remaining half being drawn over the exposed part, and dressed in such a manner as only to be detected on very close scrutiny and by those experienced in the trade.

A ROMANTIC LIFE

Romance and adventure entered into the life of Fred Krusemark an Atchison, Kas., carpenter, eighty-two years old, who died recently, but few Atchison people knew it until his death.

He was born in Denmark and after fighting Germany with the Danish Army in the '60s he left that country and traveled in Europe, Asia, England and other countries, working at his trade.

The boat on which he came to America became helpless in a storm and drifted many days, grounding near a Central American port after the food supply had become exhausted and several passengers and members of the crew had died from starvation.

HER OLD PIPE TOO MUCH

John Ruble of No. 382 Pearl street, Buffalo, has a mother-in-law. She is visiting him; at least, she had been visiting him until he deposited her and her belongings on the sidewalk.

It came about this way: Mrs. Rodie Williams, the mother-in-law, smokes a pipe—a pipe with a most terrible odor. Ruble objected to the pipe, so did boarders whom he kept at his lodging house. Ruble asked Mrs. Ruble's mother when she was going, rather casually. She was going, she informed the son-in-law, when she got good and ready. She defied daughter's husband to put her out. He did, bag and baggage. In the melee Mrs. Williams got a black eye.

That's why the story all came out when John told it to Judge McCormick in City Court. John admitted the eviction, but denied the black eye. City Court officers will discover which one is telling the truth, then the court will pass upon John's guilt.

LAUGHS

Elocutionist—Strike for your altars and your fires! Strike! Till the last armed foe— Fan—Dat's two strikes, mister! One more an' yer out.

"My husband has a terrible attack of grip." "What are you doing for him?" "Nothing. He has his life insured for sixty thousand dollars."

"I understand that after waiting twenty years she married a struggling man?" "Yes, poor chap! He struggled the best he knew how, but she landed him."

Weary Clerk—Have you any fountain pens that won't blot when you are nearly empty? Dealer—Why, sir, I have fountain pens that won't blot when they are entirely empty.

Crabshaw—If you insist on this new gown I'll have to put it on credit. Mrs. Crabshaw—As long as it's going to be charged, dear, I may as well get a more expensive one.

First Boarder—Smith must be behind in his board. Second Boarder—What makes you think that? First Boarder—I notice he's had the neck of the chicken for the last three Sundays.

"If you are looking for bargains," said the broker, "I can suit you. I can offer you some stocks at ten cents a share." "But why are they so cheap?" demanded the lady shopper. "You see, they have been slightly damaged by water."

Rube—Where's yer boy naow? Josh—He's in New York. Rube—Which side's he on by this time? Josh—What d'yer mean? Rube—Is he sellin' gold bricks a'ready or buyin' 'em yet?

"Mrs. Caswell, while you were in Venice did you see the Bridge of Sighs?" "Oh, yes, I saw what they called that; but, my land! I've seen bridges ten times its size without ever going out of Pennsylvania!"

HOW JAPANESE LIVE

A Japanese house is one of the simplest things ever built, for it consists of little more than four posts and a roof. But such impermanence, which is also seen in other things, is a part of the nature of the nation, for no people in the world have so few wants.

The Japanese have no bread, no beds, no fires, no boots or shoes, no trousers for the men, no petticoats for the women. For both sexes wear several dressing gowns, one over the other. In their houses they have no windows, no doors, but paper shutters fixed in grooves, no ceilings, no chests of drawers, not even a washstand.

In the kitchen they have no range, no pots, no pans, no floor lamp, no fire on table. But then they have no tables or chairs in the dining room, and in the end native house the dining room itself is only a lot of tatami with the paper shutters tilted down. There is no reason why you should find anything in a Japanese house except mats and a charcoal stove for warming your floors and making tea.

There are a cushion or two and a quilt to sleep on, with an elaborate conventional pattern, constitute the furniture of a Japanese house, except the guest chamber. And the articles in the guest chamber consist of a screen, a kakemono and a flower vase.

Along with this magnificent want of wants, so to speak, the Japanese combine a capacity to get huge pleasure out of what we would regard as trifles, and after labors and sacrifices that we should think intolerable. This extraordinary patience and whole-hearted enjoyment under all the nigardliness of his lot marks the Japanese as unique among the peoples of the world.

He lives on next to nothing and thrives on it. He always has a smile. He works whenever he can get any work to do. They are all week days to him. Instead of a seventh day, Sunday, he has his festa, a national holiday or a temple festival. In either case he goes a-faring to some temple and takes his children or a friend. He is never too poor to have money to treat them.

He gives himself a holiday only when he is out of work, and his holidays are inexpensive. He just walks a hundred miles to see some famous garden in its glory; he carries his baggage in a box, wrapped in oil paper, and gets a bed at an inn for a sum equivalent to a cent of our money. His food is almost as cheap, and when the last turn in the road shows him the hills of Hothani or the loquacious cherry trees of Yoshino on the day of all the year he would not trade places with the King of Great Britain and Ireland.

Just as by accident, Japanese babies have a hard time, yet there are no luckier children in the world. The Japanese baby is dressed and undressed in a frigid temperature in winter, and in summer no care is taken to protect its slender little eyes from the full glare of the sun. In winter the small head is covered with a worsted cap of the loquacious and colored design. The black hair is cut in all sorts of fantastic ways, just like the hair of the Japanese dolls imported into this country.

The babies of the lower classes are generally carried on the back of the mother or little sister; sometimes the small brother is obliged to be the nurse maid. The kimono is made extra large at the back, with a pocket of sufficient size to hold the baby, whose round head reaches the back of the neck of the person who is carrying it.

It is not an uncommon sight to see children who are barely old enough to walk and run with a small brother or sister sleeping peacefully on their backs. At first one expects to see the child stagger and fall beneath the weight, but apparently none of its movements are impeded, and it plays with the other children as unconcernedly as if it were not loaded down with another member of the family.

To Men who are Bald or are Losing Their Hair

Let me tell you of my own case.

I was almost completely bald, and as I had tried many tonics, lotions, etc., without benefit, I expected to remain bald for the rest of my life.

But instead of baldness, I now have a complete growth of hair upon my head. This is all the more remarkable because I am 66 years old.

The way that I obtained a perfect hair growth was as simple as it was astonishing to me.

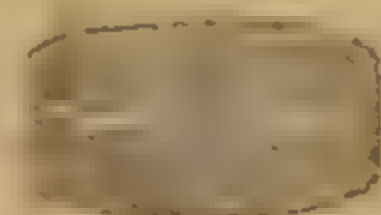
While traveling I met an old Cherokee Indian who gave me a pomade or ointment to use upon my scalp. Although my confidence was meager, I used this compound. He told me it contained selected components from the Three Kingdoms of Nature.

After several applications my looking-glass revealed a slight fuzz. This developed from day to day to a healthy growth of hair. Imagine my satisfaction in being able actually to brush the hair where there had been a bare scalp! Yet it was true. Soon I was able to comb it—and I have been able to do so ever since.

I traded with the old Indian savant, obtaining the recipe. It was crude and the ointment was almost nauseating. So I had it modernized, by a practical chemist, holding to the original principle, and now from the recipe a cosmetic pomade is prepared. Men and women have used it—and many are now doing so. In numerous cases remarkable results are being reported.

This ointment contains no alcohol nor anything else that has a tendency to dry the hair, the scalp or the roots.

The way for you to prove what it will do for you is to try it. I will mail you the recipe free of charge. Your own physician will tell you that it is safe and you may obtain a supply from the druggist. Or you may get it from me. It is called Kotalko. A proof box will be mailed, with the recipe, if you send 10 cents, silver or stamps, to John Hart Brittain, 150 East Thirty-second St., BE-103, New York, N. Y. This is a genuine announcement devoid of the lavish phraseology of the usual advertisements, but it means exactly what it says, and I, being a business man of good reputation, stand ready to prove it to you.



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WORKING BOYS IN JAPAN

Working boys in the United States, safeguarded by child labor laws and health regulations, fare much better than the young boys of the working classes in Japan, according to W. B. Norton, a church worker, who has just returned from the Far East. Tokio, the "university city," presents one of the striking contrasts, with its 50,000 college and university students and its burden-bearing boys," he said.

"In no country we have visited did we see so much boy power used in pulling loads as in Japan. While the situation is somewhat similar in China and Korea, in Japan it impresses one more because the boys are small of stature; and also because it seems so incongruous in a nation laying such emphasis upon public schools."

Many of these boys work from 4 o'clock in the morning until 10 o'clock at night, Mr. Norton said, and the employers are, under the Japanese compulsory education law, technically "teaching" the boys a trade."

To help offset this injustice, the Baptist Tabernacle in Tokio maintains a series of night schools for working boys and girls, two-hour sessions being held.



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GOES FRANK- LIN ONE BETTER

The National City Bank, addressing its clients on the subject of the new thrift, improves on the idea of Ben. Franklin, that if the pennies are cared for, the pounds will care for themselves. The National City Bulletin declares that a safe investment is as necessary as saving.

"Nothing can take the place of intelligent attention," says the Bulletin. "Any one can repeat after Ben. Franklin, 'Save, save; take care of the pence and the pounds will take care of themselves.' They won't. They will make themselves wings if they are not kept busy making money. It's easy to lose money and just as easy to make it. Thinking prevents one and does the other. We have been taught that to make money is the gift of the few. It is the natural inheritance of the man or woman who will think. When one is really making money and not merely grabbing what someone else makes, he is too busy to waste it."

The rewards of careful thought were never so profitable as at present. Liberty Bonds at present prices give opportunity to put your savings to work so that they will make money, not lose it.

Teeth Sore or Loose?

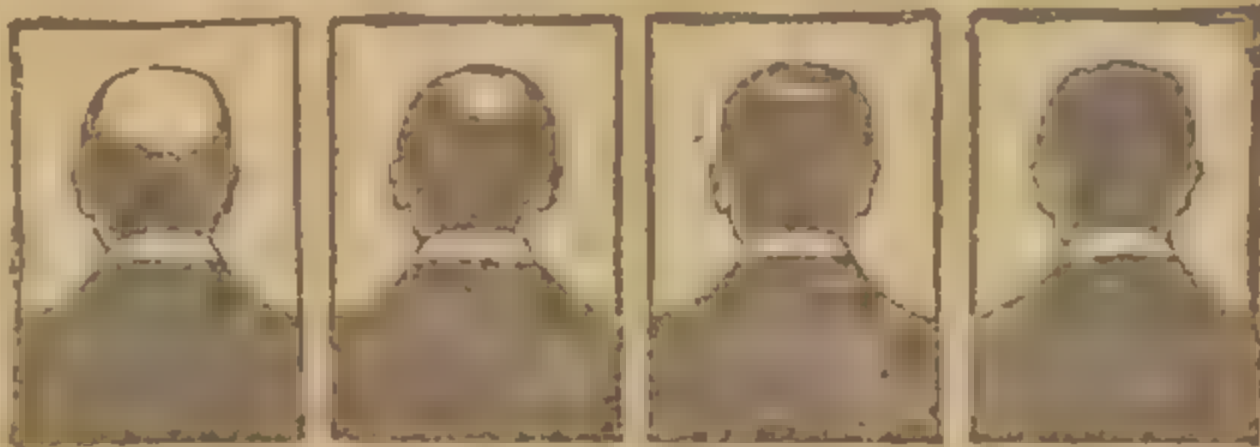
Here's An Important Message

Do you sometimes find blood on your toothbrush? Are your gums often sore or spongy? Do teeth become loose? Foul breath with pus on gums? Gum boils? Sore or sensitive teeth? Discomfort in gums between teeth? Disagreeable taste? Inflamed gums? Then beware of pyorrhea, the insidious, dangerous disease. Have you distressing ailments elsewhere in your body that may be due indirectly to one of the above-mentioned teeth or gum symptoms?

Think of it! Eminent medical men have found that nine out of every ten persons that they examined have pyorrhea! This disease is often a life-shortener. It has caused terrible misery and deaths.

If you know you have pyorrhea, or if you are in doubt and wish to know more about it, we want to send you our book. It will cost you nothing; will come postpaid if you write to Apex Remedies Corp., 80 W. Genesee St., 401-BA, Buffalo, N. Y. Show your friends this advertisement.

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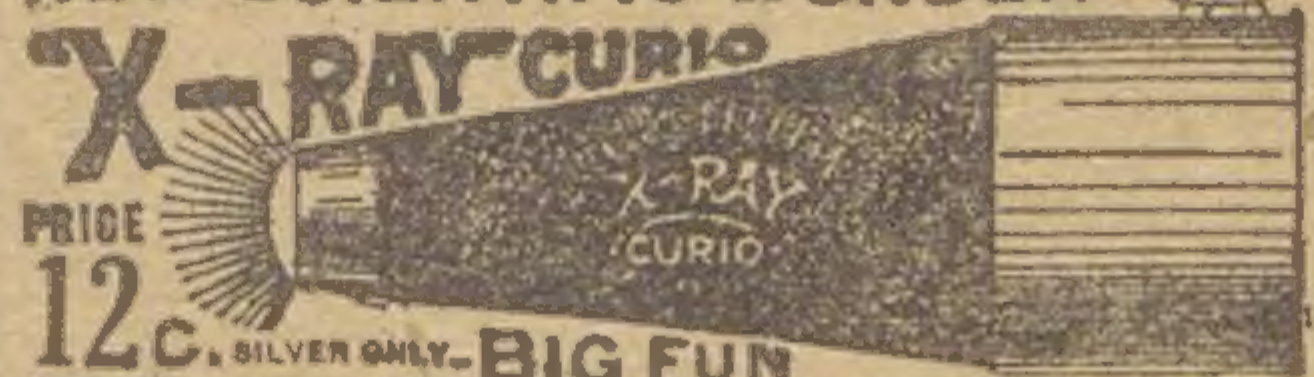
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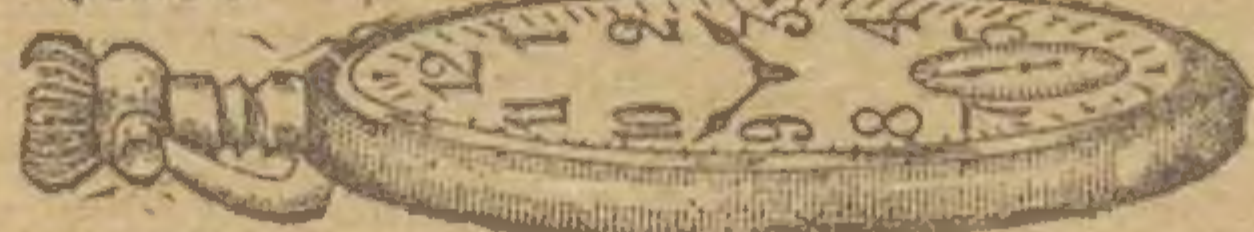
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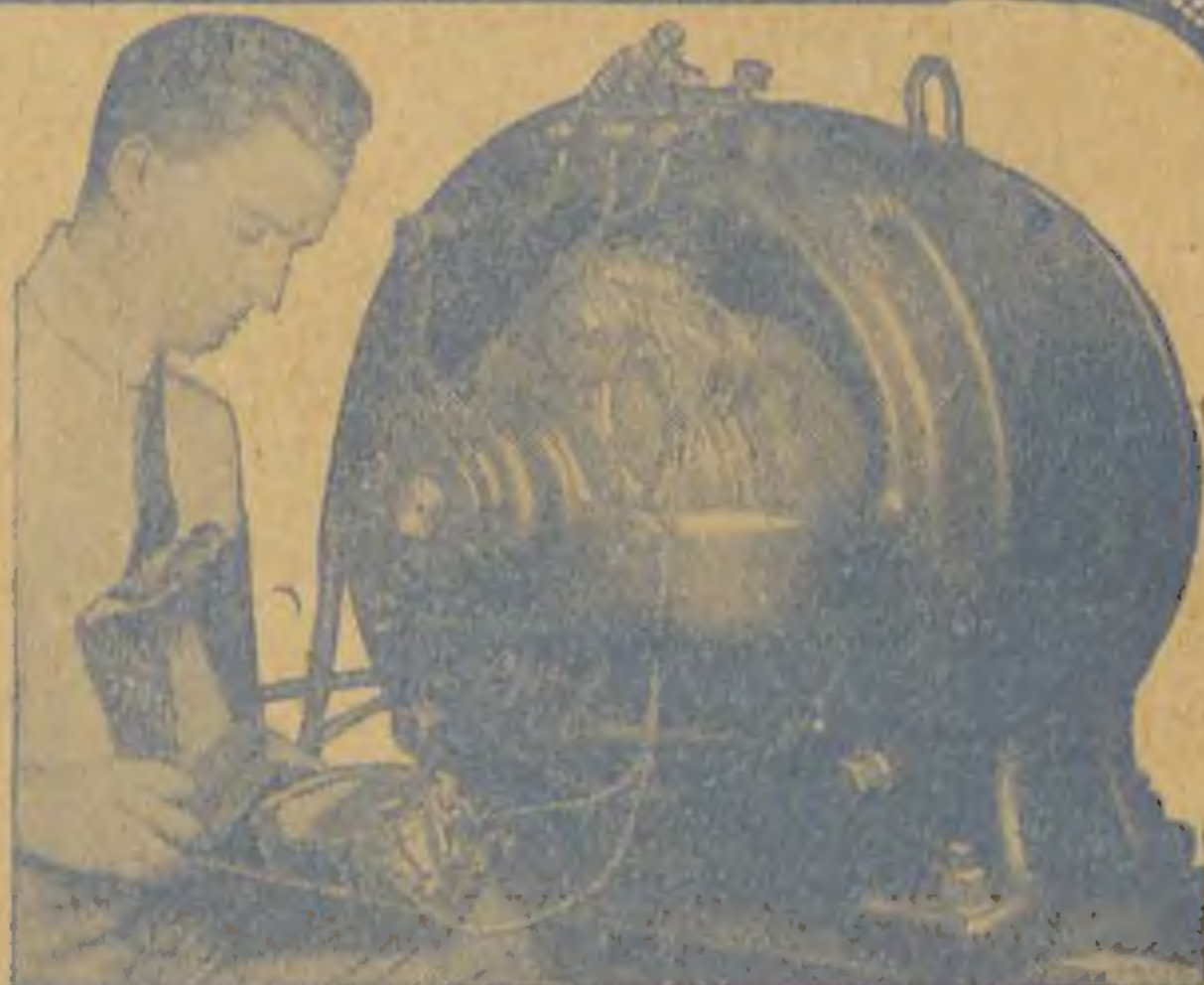
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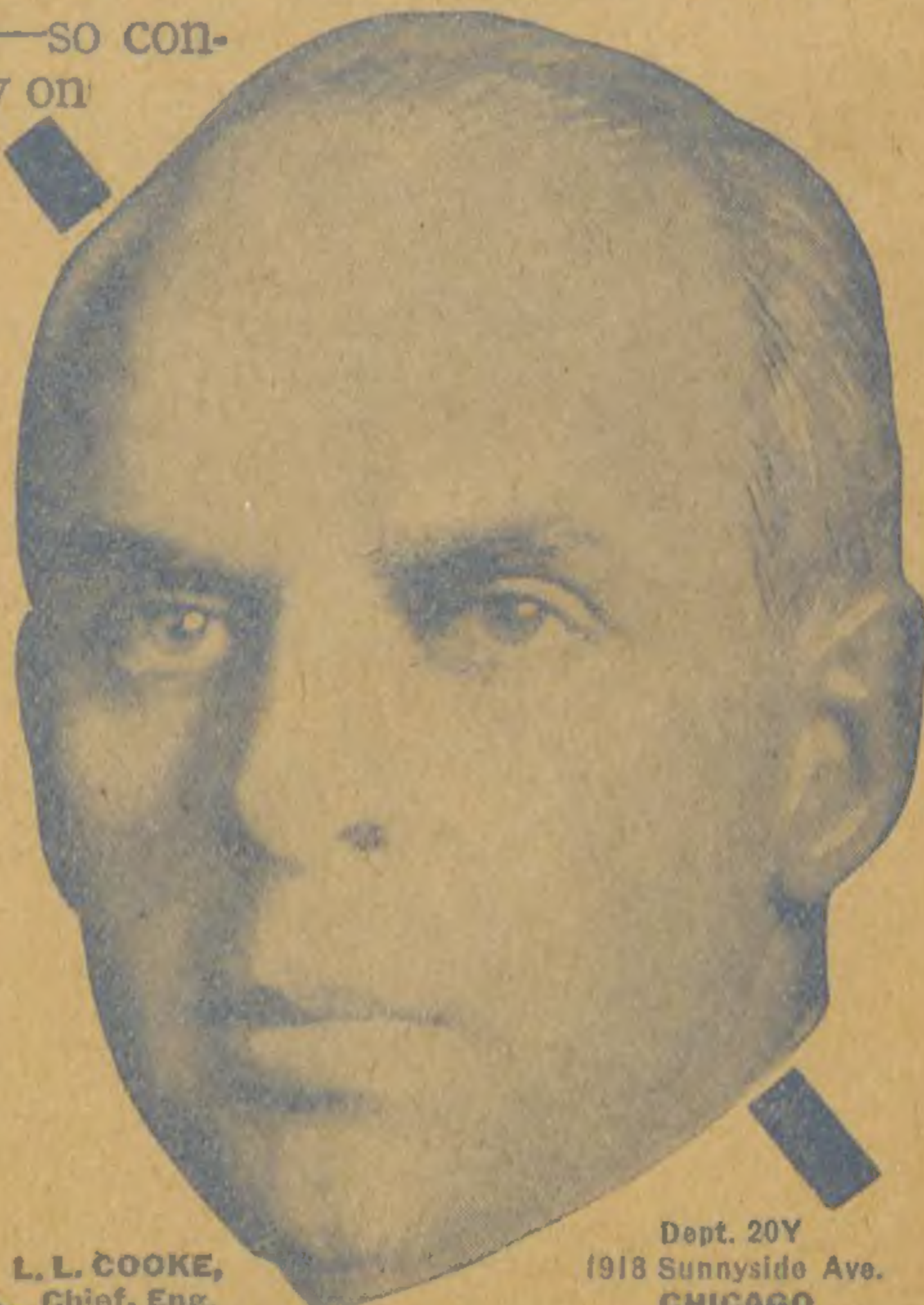
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